

The Bismarck Tribune.

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BISMARCK D. T., FRIDAY JULY 8, 1881.

NO 7.

THE NEWS LAY OUT.

A Half Million Dollar Fire at Cincinnati—One Person Killed and Several Injured

A Cousin of Assassin Guiteau Gives a Little of His Early History—In Favor of Hanging Him.

The Balloting Continues at Albany Without Leading to any Result—The Vote Yesterday.

Another Caucus to be Held, The First One Having Proved Unsuccessful in Slate Making.

Man Killed for Expressing the Hope That Garfield will Die—Two Transatlantic Fools.

The Regular Formality.
(Special Dispatch to the Daily Tribune.)
ALBANY, July 7.—Two ballots for senatorial successors were taken in the joint convention to-day, both resulting as usual in no choice. The second ballot was as follows:

TO SUCCEED CONKLING.
Potter 52; Rogers 5; Crowley 4; Conkling 30; Wheeler 43; Lapham 11; Cornell 3.

TO SUCCEED PLATT.
Depew 49; Wheeler 2; Tremaine 1; Daniels 1; Cornell 17; Everts 1; Kernab 2; North 1; Ohapman 4; Lapham 1; Crowley 18; Fish 1. Another caucus will be held to-night (Thursday), as at last night's caucus nothing was accomplished.

A Cincinnati Fire.
CINCINNATI, July 7.—Shortly after three o'clock this afternoon a fire broke out at Morgan & Son's carriage manufactory, and within five minutes the entire building, a large five-story brick was in flames. It is in the midst of some of the largest furniture factories and other of the most inflammable buildings in the city. The fire quickly reached across to the Union carriage factory on the upper corner, and to Closterman's large chair factory on the eastern side of Smith street. It then caught in Mader's large furniture factory adjoining Closterman's, on the south, and subsequently extended to the Eavery foundry. The first and fourth named are a total loss. Resor's foundry is badly damaged. There were rumors of great loss of life, but at present only one person, Chas. A. Platt is known to be dead. He was employed in Morgan's factory and with others had not time to escape except by jumping from the windows. The injured so far as known are five in number and as follows: Correspondent Kuchman, severely; Frank Schulke, in the head; Edward Lump, a broken leg; Gus Austion, slightly; Henry Brown, slightly. No detailed account of the loss or insurance can be given. It is known that the total loss will reach half a million. A number of small dwellings and two small schools were burned. The whole fire department assisted by engines from Covington are on the ground. The fire is still raging in the lumber piles, but there is no danger to adjoining buildings.

What His Cousin Says.
St. Louis, July 7.—Harry C. Guiteau, a cousin of the man who attempted to kill the president, is conductor on the Iron Mountain railroad, and stands high with the officers of that road as a steady, industrious and intelligent man. In an interview with a reporter he said the surroundings of Charles J. Guiteau were always the most pleasant, and he was given a fine education, and brought up among the best influences. He said he was in favor of giving to his cousin the severest penalty of the law, even hanging in case the president dies. He has no sympathy for any man guilty of so atrocious an act, and would say the same of his own location. Mr. Guiteau feels great fear of the president's death.

The Strongest Test.
Omaha, July 7.—The financial committee of the North American League for the relief of the South American people, report to the committee of the League, 2200 copies of visiting associations having been pulled out of the receipts, this is considered a very satisfactory result.

Death of Helen Wright.
Mendocino, Cal., July 7.—A workman grading at Redwood this country

was seriously assaulted by another laborer yesterday, from the effects of which he died, for expressing the hope that the president would not recover. A similar fracas occurred at State Center, but without fatal results.

Two Fools.
BATH, Me., July 7.—Two adventurers, John Trainer, an Irishman, and Olsen, a Swede, sailed from this port to-day in a dory fourteen feet long, twenty-one inches deep and five wide, the smallest craft in which a passage across the Atlantic has ever been attempted. They are both skilled seamen, and are provisioned for sixty days.

A Russian Fire.
ST. PETERSBURG, July 7.—The fire at Minsk, which broke out Sunday last, is still raging. Over 500 houses have been destroyed.

A Hot Sea Side.
LONG BRANCH, July 6.—A terrible heat prevails here. The thermometer at Red Bank registered 98 in the shade at nine a. m., and at South Amboy 101, and Long Branch 90.

WRECK ON THE YELLOWSTONE.

Six Men in a Flat Boat are Capsized On a "Rock-Heap."

(Special Correspondence of The Tribune.)
GLEN DIVE, M. T., July 3.—This morning about 7 o'clock as we were pushing our way up the Yellowstone river, on the steamer "Big Horn," we discovered a group of men on a "rock-heap," about one mile above Morgan's ranch and about fifteen miles from Glendive. On nearing them we concluded that they were a wrecked party. The captain immediately gave the signal for slowing up and soon we were by their side and shoving out the plank for their rescue. There were four in the group. Originally the party had consisted of six. They started from Miles City on Thursday last, in a boat about sixteen feet long and four feet wide, bound for Bismarck. After getting the men on board of our steamer, and giving them something for their inner man, the following facts as to names, etc., were gleaned. By name they were as follows, except the sixth man, who was a stranger to the party, and managed to make his escape, borrowing a pair of boots from one of the boys with the understanding that he would go back to Glendive and arrange for the rescue of those left in the "rock-heap." This man joined them at Miles City and on their arrival at Glendive declined going up into the city, for which it is supposed, he had a wholesome reason. The five boys, or young men, wanted to sell their boat at Glendive and return to Bismarck by rail. But this plan the sixth man opposed, assuring them that he was a good river man and would see them through all right. This "good river man" had no money invested in the boat, and consequently lost nothing except some clothing. Now for the names of the five, which are as follows: Caleb McDonald, Jas. T. McDonald, Jas. C. Campbell, Geo. Lomont and Charles Schultz. The first three came from Nova Scotia about three months ago and stopped in Bismarck for a few days with friends before pushing out to the front, where they have been at work on the grading in the employ of Peter Larson. Jas. C. Campbell, who was lying on his back in the bottom of the boat at the time of its filling with water, it is supposed was drowned, for nothing was seen of him after the disaster. The boat was caught by the current, which at that point was very swift, and carried away, leaving five men in the "rock-heap." At 11 a. m. yesterday one of these men being a "good river man" was able to swim and left them as described above. The rescued ones are now on the steamer and have gone to work and will continue thus until she returns to Bismarck.

S. D. C.

PURELY PERSONAL.

J. T. Maloney, of Fairbault, Minn., is in the city.

Ans. B. F. Ward has changed his name at the Merchants.

E. J. Peterson of Glenfield, Minn., arrives to-day evening.

A. J. E. Elsie, of Fort Totten, is prospecting our streets.

H. C. Black, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Cincinnati, is in the city.

W. H. Lyon and J. Ward, of Old Agency, M. T., visit the Merchants.

ON THE STUMP.

Extracts From a Political Speech Delivered by the Would be Assassin of President Garfield.

At a Political Meeting Less Than a Year Ago, in New York, he Used the Following Language.

Garfield Referred to as a Scholar, Soldier and Statesman—Make Him President.

Guiteau's Speech.
The appended speech was delivered by Guiteau in New York, August 9, and issued in pamphlet form by the Republican National Committee:

**** In 1856 the republican party was organized. It was an offshoot of the old whig party, founded by Henry Clay, he of matchless eloquence, and by Daniel Webster, the favorite and gifted son of New England and the defender of our national constitution. In 1856 Fremont, the standard bearer of the young republicans, was defeated for the Presidency by Buchanan, backed by the slave oligarchy. In 1861 the republicans elected to the Presidency Abraham Lincoln—the immortal Lincoln. This was the signal for a grand onslaught by the slave oligarchy on the principles of liberty and progress. In 1861, after years of agitation for and against American slavery, the cannons were heard booming around Sumter, and our national existence was in peril.

JEFF DAVIS and his CO-TRAITORS had ceceded. They had stolen some of our forts and implements of war, and were trying to run a government on their own account. They had trampled under foot our national flag—that grand old ensign of our republic. When the rebels assaulted Sumter it stirred the north to its depth. "To arms! To arms!" resounded all over this broad land. **** When President Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to suppress the incipient rebellion Cant. Grant determined to offer his services to the government, and went to Springfield and interviewed Gov. Yates. After some delay

HE WAS GIVEN A POSITION and finally was sent into the field as colonel. Little by little he arose until he became general of the national army. From Galena through the war to the White House was but a step. From the White House around the globe, the recipient of the greatest ovations ever given to mortal man, was but another. Such prosperity would have crazed most men, but it did not Grant. The great silent man's head is just as level to-day as when he sold cowhides in the streets of Galena. The military genius of Grant is not surpassed by that of Alexander, Julius Caesar or the great Napoleon. Originally a Grant man I am well satisfied with Garfield's nomination. "Nothing but an act of God," said the great Senator from New York, "can prevent Grant's nomination." General Garfield was born in poverty, and has attained his present position under Providence by his own efforts. When the war came he was president of a small college in Ohio, and promptly offered his services to the government in suppressing the rebellion. After nearly three years' service he was made a Major General. He was then elected to Congress and has held the position ever since. His long service on some of the most important committees shows that.

HE IS A SQUARE MAN and can be implicitly trusted. Some people say he got badly soiled in that Credit Mobilier transaction; but I guess he is clean handed. Last winter he was elected to the United States Senate in place of Senator Thurman, and to-day he is the republican nominee for the Presidency with every prospect of success. He is a high toned, conscientious, Christian gentleman. Some persons are down on General Arthur because he was removed from the New York collectorship by President Hayes, General Arthur was appointed collector by General Grant, and I do not think it important either for or against him, and give no more importance to the merchants of New York by his able and capable administration of his office, and he is supposed to have been removed without cause. General Arthur is a lawyer of marked ability, great culture, wide experience and would be an ornament in the Vice President's chair. When I was a boy Washburne represented the Glens and Freeport district in Congress. I was

born in Freeport, Ill., and I have watched with marked pride the brilliant career of Grant and Washburne. Grant, Washburne.

GRAPFIELD—these names go together. Grant, renowned in war and in peace; Washburne, distinguished for his civil service at home and abroad; Garfield, the scholar, soldier and statesman. In October last, in old Faneuil hall, in Boston, I heard Senator Chandler, who was the keenest Roman of us all, say that the rebel spirit then was the same that it was twenty years ago, just prior to the breaking out of the rebellion, and he was right. The Democrats, now in majority in congress, would precipitate this nation into another war, had they the power, and they would have the power save for President Hayes and his stalwart cabinet. The Democratic majority now in congress make it imperative that the president and cabinet be Republican, otherwise the national government will be entirely

CONTROLLED BY EX-REBELS and their northern friends. The Democratic party are panting for the national treasury. They have been starving since Buchanan retired, in 1851, and they are dreadfully hungry. They will make a desperate effort to get in this time under the lead of that gallant soldier, Gen. Hancock. Hancock's nomination was a God-send to the Democratic party, and they will make the most of it. They are trying to run him as they did Horace Greeley in 1872. Poor Horace went down in that combination, and the chances are that Hancock will do likewise. This is the issue—a solid North against a solid South. The North conquered the South on the field of battle, and now they must do it at the poll in November, or they may have to fight another war. Ye men whose sons perished in the war, what say you to the issue? Shall we have another war? Shall our national treasury be controlled by ex-rebels and their northern allies, to the end that millions of dollars of southern war claims be liquidated? If you want the republic bankrupted, with the prospect of another war, make Hancock president. If you want prosperity and peace, make Garfield president, and the republic will develop, till it becomes the greatest and wealthiest nation on the globe.

HIS MOTIVES.—WASHINGTON, July 7.—It now transpires that several days ago the president gave orders to have Guiteau put out of the executive offices. This wounded the enormous vanity of the man. He brooded over his fancied wrong until he became filled with the devilish malice that pushed him on to murder the president out of sheer revenge for the supposed insult. Doubtless he argued it out that Arthur would not injure him for it, but all the political twaddle uttered by the man had nothing to do with the real act.

Scorched Europe.—LONDON, July 7.—Intense heat prevails throughout Europe. At Paris yesterday it was ninety-three in the shade. The chamber of deputies discussed several proposals to set during the early hours of the forenoon or after sunset. At Aldershot on Monday during the sham fight four soldiers died of sunstroke and several others are in a precarious condition.

Artificial Cooling.—WASHINGTON, June 7.—Experiments are now being made under the supervision of physicians with different kinds of refrigerating apparatus, in order to relieve the President if possible from the unfavorable influence of the great heat by artificially cooling the atmosphere of his room.

Tennyson's Solitude.—LONDON, July 7.—Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate, has telegraphed United States Minister Lowell expressing deep regret at the attempt on the President's life, and asking for the latest news regarding his condition.

Col. Edwards, agent of the Omahas and Winnebagoes, reports that the two tribes have 15,000 acres of the best looking wheat that is to be seen, and 1,000 acres of good corn. The Omahas have lately received for their wheat from the commission of the United States, 100,000 bushels of wheat, and they are now sending it to New York by rail, and are expected to have been paid for it without cause. General Arthur is a lawyer of marked ability, great culture, wide experience and would be an ornament in the Vice President's chair. When I was a boy Washburne represented the Glens and Freeport district in Congress. I was

GARFIELD GOSSIP.

The Lunatics of the Country Seem to be on a Hunt for the Lives of High Officials.

Vice President Arthur Threatened and Conkling Advised Not to Immediately Appear in Public.

The Foreign Press Gives More Space to Garfield's Fate Than to the Late Assassination of the Czar.

Physicians Now Fear that a Reaction Will Occur and that Mrs. Garfield Will be Again Prostrated.

The Kindly Sentiments Expressed by the People of the South in Telegrams to Sec. Blaine.

Kindly Southern Sentiment.
WASHINGTON, July 7.—Secretary Blaine, among other dispatches to-day received the following:

"Montgomery, Alabama.—Reports of favorable indications gladden the hearts of Alabamians who profoundly sympathize with the President and family and bitterly denounce the cowardly and brutal attempt on his life. The great peril through which he is passing draws all men to him and he will resume his duties with a more generous and patriotic support from the people of the whole country. Signed, R. N. Cobb.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana.—The heartfelt spoken sorrow of our people at the late dastardly attempt at the life of the President, prompts me to express their prayerful hopes for his speedy recovery. Signed, W. Robertson.

Congressman Desdenoff, of the Norfolk, Virginia district, sent the following telegram to Secretary Blaine this p. m.: The favorable bulletin this morning is hailed with joy by the people.

Conkling's Hard Heart.—NEW YORK, July 7.—The excitement at ex-Senator Conkling's unfeeling course in failing to express sympathy with the president is raising an increasing storm of indignation, and it is believed his only safety from personal violence is to remain in his room. He does not appear in the streets at all, and since General Arthur's departure for Chicago he has been seen but once or twice. He takes his meals in his room and has sent out a number of letter and telegrams. Private detectives are stationed at the Fifth avenue hotel, and the strictest watch is kept for any signs of violence. There is no question but that Conkling is in fear of his life. He complains bitterly of the press and the public, but has not been heard to express a single word of sympathy with the president or Mrs. Garfield. Beyond the general remark that the country can withstand the dangers that are prefigured in the assassination, he has nothing to say of the deed itself. He declined by telegram last night to go to Long Branch to see Gen. Grant. Conkling remains in New York until the president dies or recovers.

Mrs. Garfield.—WASHINGTON, July 7.—Mrs. Garfield is bearing up under her affliction with wonderful fortitude, but her physicians say that it will be a miracle if she is not prostrated after the excitement is over. Her system has not yet fully recovered from the fever, and nothing but the wisest care can save her from a relapse even at this interval. She slept during a part of the night and her resolute will still sustains her appearance of strength.

Germany Sympathizes.—LONDON, July 7.—A dispatch from Berlin says the press devoted as much space to the attempt on President Garfield's life as it did to the murder of the czar, having had too much painful experience not to feel a deep sympathy with the almost semi-filial nation. Telegrams of sympathy and inquiry continue to pour in to the United States minister.

Killed by Cars.—HARTFORD, Mo., July 7.—Jerry Young, agent of the Keokuk Packet Company for many years, and W. J. Conroy of Dallas, Mo., have been run over and killed. Young was well known all about the city.

Looking for Arthur.—WASHINGTON, July 7.—Another "army" man went into the Adjutant General's office, slipped Gen. Drum on the back, and said he had a revelation that he knew the Vice President Arthur. He was promptly arrested.

IMPERFECT PAGE

MURDER'S RED HAND

President Garfield Twice Shot and Separately Wounded While About to Depart for New York.

The Tragedy Enacted in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Depot in Washington.

Two Shots Fired, One Entering the Liver and the Other the Arm of the President.

Charles Julius Gitteau, a Whilom Lawyer of Chicago, the Would-be Assassin.

He Proclaims Himself a Stalwart and Boasts of Having Made Arthur President.

Speedy Arrest and Incarceration of the Wretch—His Career in the Northwest and Elsewhere.

SHOT THE PRESIDENT!

A SAD TRAGEDY IN WASHINGTON
WASHINGTON, July 2.—The president has been assassinated! He is now lying at the point of death in the White House, and his physicians say he cannot recover. That the deed was well planned and long premeditated there can be no doubt. Some persons go so far as to assert that it was the result of a conspiracy, but there appears to be no evidence to sustain such a belief. The assassin, Charles Gitteau of Chicago, was arrested, and is safely lodged in jail. It has been well known for several days past that the president, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, and their ladies, would leave Washington this morning for a two weeks' trip in New England. Gen. Garfield had been looking forward to the trip with great pleasure. He had mapped out himself the route the party was to take, and the details of the trip were entrusted to Mr. Jamson, assistant superintendent of the railway mail service. Mrs. Garfield was to be one of the party. Her sojourn at Long Branch had completely restored her to health, and Gen. Swain had been sent to the Elberon to escort her to New York, where she

WAS TO HAVE JOINED THE PRESIDENT

this afternoon. Two sons and a daughter of Gen. Garfield were with their mother. The two elder boys, James and Henry, were to have accompanied their father. To-day was a magnificent one for traveling. The president arose at an early hour, attended to considerable executive business, left his instructions with Private Secretary Brown, and was preparing to start when Secretary Blaine came to the White House. The other members of the party, it appears, had gone to the depot some minutes before the time for the train to start, 9:30 a. m. Secretaries Windom, Hunt, Lincoln, and Postmaster General James, accompanied by Mrs. Windom, Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. James, had taken seats in the special car attached to the train. It was within five minutes of the time of starting when the president's carriage drove up to the B street entrance to the depot. Mr. Blaine accompanied Gen. Garfield to the train and both gentlemen slowly alighted from the carriage.

THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION

of President Garfield was in the ladies' reception room. This room is situated on the north side of the building and has one main entrance in the center of the B street front, and two doors on the opposite side that connect with the general reception room. The ladies' room is provided with wooden seats arranged so as to be perpendicular to the B street front and leave an aisle from the B street entrance and a passage way by the end of the seats, through either the right or left door, which are about fifteen feet apart. The president and Secretary Blaine, arm-in-arm, and walking slowly, had taken but two or three steps in this aisle near the B street door, when Gitteau entered by the left door from the general reception room, and passing quickly around the back of the benches, came behind the president and fired the shot that struck his arm. The president walked about ten feet to the other end of the aisle and was in the act of turning to face his assailant, when the second shot struck him in the small of the back, and he

FELL DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE AISLE.

A scene of the most intense excitement followed. There was a larger crowd present at the depot than usual, many persons having been attracted there to see the president and members of the cabinet. As soon as the reports of the pistol were heard a rush was made for the ladies' waiting room. Somebody shouted "Blaine is murdered," but the secretary of state rushed frantically into the main room shouting for Col. Rockwell. Mrs. White, the woman in charge of the waiting room, was the first to reach the president. The crowd

stood aghast with horror. She lifted up his head. He was deathly pale, but retained consciousness. His son bent over his father and sobbed frantically. The secretary of state could hardly repress his emotion. Mr. Jamson and others called upon the police to disperse the crowd, that the president might have air. A small space was made, but the policemen were absolutely powerless to preserve order. The news of the assassination flew along the street

LIKE WILD FIRE,

and within ten minutes there were over 1,000 people at the station. The members of the cabinet and their wives were notified of the event. A man burst into the car exclaiming "The president has been murdered!" The gentlemen rushed from the car into the station, while the ladies were left in a state of speechless surprise. As soon as those who surrounded the president recovered their almost paralyzed senses a mattress was brought down from the Pullman office and the president was laid upon it. Blood was oozing from his wounds and soaking through his clothes upon the floor. He was tenderly carried upon the mattress through the large waiting room and up stairs into one of the private offices. The officers succeeded but poorly in keeping the crowd back, and the doors of the depot were closed and fastened against the people. Physicians were immediately summoned. Those called were Dr. A. M. Bliss, who was placed in charge of the case; Dr. C. M. Ford, Mr. Hartington, U. S. A., Dr. J. S. Woodward, U. S. A., Dr. Townsend, N. S. Lincoln, Robt. Reibum, Surgeon General Barnes, Surgeon Basil Morris, Surgeon General Wales of the navy, and Dr. Patterson. A preliminary examination of the wounds was made at the depot.

CAPTURE OF THE ASSASSIN.

Meantime the assassin had not been allowed to escape. After firing the fatal shot he started at a rapid pace through the main waiting room, apparently intending to escape by the entrance on Sixth street. He held the smoking revolver in his hand, but was prevented from passing by the crowd which pushed toward the spot where the president was lying. He turned sharp about, passed within ten feet of his victim, and attempted to pass out at the B street entrance, through which the president had just passed. A policeman named Kearney was standing on the corner of Sixth and B streets when the shots were fired, and he ran through the entrance on the last named street just in time to meet Gitteau as he was coming out of the door. Without knowing that he was the assassin, but attracted by the man's desire to get away, the officer grabbed him and held him as in a vise. Gitteau struggled a little to get away, his shirt being torn in the encounter, but Special Officer Scott came to Kearney's assistance, and the murderer submitted quietly. "Yes," said the assassin. "I have killed Garfield. Arthur is president of the United States. I am a stalwart. I have a letter that will tell you all about it. I want you to take it up to Gen. Sherman." His pistol was taken from him and he was removed without delay to the police headquarters, corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Four and a half street. Quite a crowd followed the officer and the prisoner to headquarters, but no violence towards him was attempted. In fact, but few of the people who saw him rushing through the streets were aware of the gravity of his offense. He was entered on the police books as follows:

Charles Gitteau, arrested at 9:35 a. m., July 2, 1881, for shooting President Garfield; age 36, white, born in the United States, and a lawyer by profession. Weight 130 pounds. Has dark brown hair, thin whiskers, and sallow complexion; dressed in a dark suit, with black slouch hat."

SEARCHING THE PRISONER

After answering the questions which led to the entry above quoted, Gitteau was searched and placed in one of the cells at headquarters. A number of papers were found upon the assassin, all but one of which the authorities refuse to make public. This one is as follows. It shows clearly that the murder was premeditated:

JULY 2, 1881. THE WHITE HOUSE.—The president's tragic death was a sad necessity; but it will reunite the Republican party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war, thousands of home boys went down without a tear. I presume the president was a Christian, and that he will be basking in paradise there here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I have no ill-will toward the president. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with Gen. Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists, at 1420 New York avenue, where all reporters can see them.

(Signed)

CHAR. GITTEAU.

In a short time after the news of the attempted assassination spread through the city, a crowd, numbering about 200 people, gathered about police headquarters. Anticipating a possible attempt to lynch the prisoner, it was determined to take him at once to the district jail, which is a mile east of the capitol. The prisoner was considerably excited, and evidently feared rough treatment at the hands of "the crowd." In this he was mistaken. The news that the president's wounds had not resulted fatally, was circulated among the people. The prisoner was rushed down the stairs and placed in a carriage with Lieut. Anstun and three detectives, and escorted by a squad of mounted police, they were driven to the jail.

TALKING WITH AN OFFICER.

On the way the prisoner conversed freely. He held a conversation with Detective McElfresh, and the latter relates it thus: He said, "I am a native born American, born in Chicago; am a lawyer and a theologian." I asked, "Why did you do this?" He replied, "I did it to save the Republican party." "What are your politics?" said I. He answered, "I am a stalwart among the stalwarts. With Garfield out of the way we can carry

all the northern States, and with him in the way we can't carry a single one."

He then said to me, "Who are you?"

I replied, "A detective officer in this department."

"You stick to me and have me put in the third story front of the jail. Gen. Sherman is coming down to take charge. Arthur and all his men are my friends, and I'll have you made chief of police. When you get back to the depot you will find that I left two bundles of papers at the news stand, which will explain all."

I asked him, "Is there anybody else with you in this matter?" and he answered, "Not a living soul. I contemplated this thing for the last six weeks, and would have shot him when he went away with Mrs. Garfield, but I looked at her and she looked so bad that I changed my mind."

ON REACHING THE JAIL.

The people there did not seem to know anything about the assassination, and when we took him inside the door, Mr. Russ, the deputy warden, said: "This man has been here before." I then asked him:

"Have you ever been here before?"

He replied, "No sir."

I said, "Well, the deputy warden seems to identify you."

He said, "Yes, I was down here last Saturday morning and wanted them to let me look through and they told me that I couldn't, but to come Monday."

I asked: "What was your object in looking through?"

He said: "I wanted to see what sort of quarters I would have to occupy."

I then searched him and when I pulled off his shoes, he said: "Give me my shoes. I will catch cold on this stone pavement."

I told him he couldn't have them, and he said, "Give me a pair of pumps, then."

THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT.

The physicians made an unavailing effort to discover the ball, at the depot. It was evident that nothing could be done in the presence of such a crowd, and that the slim chance for saving the president's life depended upon placing him where he could have absolute quiet. A police ambulance was sent for, and it was backed up to the B street entrance of the depot. The president was brought down stairs upon a stretcher borne by Chief Cronin of the fire department, Officer Cornell and two other gentlemen. The doors were thrown open and the crowd parted while the wounded man was gently laid upon mattresses in the bottom of the vehicle. The president was very pale and weak, but conscious. He opened his eyes and gently waved his hands towards the crowd. Strong men sobbed and cried at the pitiful sight. A squad of twelve mounted police surrounded the ambulance. Col. Corbin took a seat by the side of the driver. Col. Rockwell was inside, and three or four attendants clung to the steps in the rear. The vehicle was driven slowly over the Belgian pavement to Pennsylvania avenue. As soon as the smooth pavement was reached the horses

WENT

PUT AT A GALLOP, and the cavalcade dashed up toward the White House at full speed. Preceding the ambulance a few minutes were several physicians in their carriages. The avenue was crowded with people, who stood upon the sidewalks watching with tearful eyes the mournful procession as it bore the almost lifeless body of the president to the White House. The east gates, south of the treasury building, were thrown open. The ambulance passed within, and the gates were closed against the crowd. Officers were immediately placed at the entrances to the grounds, and the public were excluded. As the ambulance was driven up to the south entrance to the executive mansion the president was lifted out. He looked up and saw Private Secretaries Brown and Crook looking down from one of the windows. He smiled, and saluted them with his uninjured arm. Arriving at the stairway, directly back of the blue room, the ambulance was brought to a stop, the president carefully removed and placed upon a stretcher, and brought up the stairway through the blue and red rooms to his private apartments on the second floor, and on the south side of the mansion. While being carried through the blue room, the president made an effort with his left hand to salute those who stood about the room, and whom he apparently recognized. Among those present were Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Windom, Admiral Porter, Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Attorney General McVeagh and Mrs. Secretary Hunt and others. The president looked very badly despite an evident effort to pacify the excited and weeping friends who had hastily assembled in this historic room to await his arrival. The white covering of the stretcher was crimson with the blood which had oozed from his wounds. While the body was passing through the room to the apartments above

MRS. WINDOM WAS OVERCOME

with emotion, and had to be conveyed to a sofa. Mrs. Blaine was also much affected, and was taken from the room. The others present engaged in suppressed conversation upon the horrible crime, and at short intervals would individually visit the apartments above to ascertain the president's condition. Postmaster General James and Attorney General MacVeagh joined the assembly and participated in the conversation, the former detailing the incidents as they occurred at the scene of the shooting. Presently one of the colored attaches of the White House brought in the coat and vest of the president, which had been removed at the depot. The coat had a cut about two and a half inches immediately below the elbow of the right arm, which presumptuously had been made by the ball first fired. The back part of the vest near the buckle showed a hole an eighth of an inch in diameter and was so shaped as to lead to the conclusion that if firing this probably fatal shot the assassin held the revolver in an inclined position as though reaching over some obstruction in order to make sure of his victim. The front portion of the vest was covered with vomit.

THE SCENE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

has been beyond description. The ponderous iron gates of the capitol grounds were closed and three members of the capitol police placed on guard at each, with orders to admit no one but members of the cabinet and relatives of the family. Scores of congressmen and senators were either turned away or compelled to cool their heels at the gate until their cards could be carried to the house and an order for their

admittance sent back. Newspaper correspondents were furnished with passes and every facility given for obtaining full and complete accounts of the affair. The streets outside the White House grounds were packed with a motley crowd, many of whom were clinging to the iron paling, staring at the White House, with faces full of sympathy, and low voices, full of tears. As some newspaper man or messenger came down the walk and through the gates he was seized by the eager crowd and plied with questions as to the condition of the president, and it was the work of a moment for the man who would talk to get a thousand listeners. There were many ladies in the crowd, and a deep

SYMPATHY WITH THE INJURED PRESIDENT

was plainly manifest by the handkerchiefs which sought brimming eyes, and the dry gulping sobs with which strong men cleared their throats before venturing to ask a question. As the departments closed the crowd was swelled to enormous proportions by the clerks and from the squads of marines which patrolled the White House door yard; a detail of sentries was made to clear the sidewalks for carriages and pedestrians. Within the White House, the scene was indeed a sad one. Toward noon the restriction which had been observed toward callers was relaxed and many congressmen and intimate friends were admitted and given passes to go and come as they pleased, and the corridors, staircases and offices were filled with an anxious, sad-eyed crowd of distinguished men. In the cabinet room and the president's private office sat the members of the cabinet, who had gathered at the news of the assassination and who have remained in attendance all day and a good portion of the night. In the president's private office

SECRETARY BLAINE

sat with a sad face, but cool, collected and ready to direct any necessary movement. As he moved around and conversed with his brother cabinet officers or awaited with anxiety each twenty minute bulletin which the corps of physicians sent out, the power and strength of character of the man became apparent, and instinctively every person turned to him for advice and suggestions, while the words "poor president," that fell from his lips showed that the broad heart felt as if a brother lay at death's door and was wrung with anguish therefor. Up and down the room, chewing a cigar, paced Robert Lincoln, secretary of war, anon pausing to relieve the monotony by meeting some anxious inquiry and relapsing into thought and gazing down upon the placid Potomac with misty eyes as his memory went back some sixteen years, to the time one nearer than this came into the White House, the victim of an assassin's pistol, cold in death. In a deep, window seat, attempting to read, sat Secretary Kirkwood, his plain, practical face flushed with suppressed grief, and his thin, gray hair tumbled in his efforts to appear calm. Wayne McVeagh sat at the table writing, his calm, stoical demeanor

COVERING THE ANXIETY AND SORROW

which crept out at his eyes and into the tones of his voice as he twisted his mustache and answered some inquiry. Secretary Windom sat conversing with Gen. Sherman, and Secretary Hunt walked from one room to another, restless and nervous, asking questions and tendering suggestions with an effort to appear calm and collected; but the quiet, tender, womanly heart of Gen. James seemed to have a load greater than it could bear. To him was delegated much of the work of answering telegrams and inquiries, and already the favorite of the correspondents among the cabinet officers was called upon almost constantly by them for information. To every person he gave the brightest side of the situation, and it seemed impossible to him to think that the president should die. When some correspondent in the crowd around him would speak of the unfavorable reports, the postmaster general would turn to him, grasp him by the hand and, in an agonized tone, exclaim: "Oh, don't you say that, let us look at it in the best light," and the handsome face would flush, the eyes suffuse with tears, and the postmaster general would turn away.

THE PICTURE OF GRIEF.

Private Secretary Brown, although overwhelmed with grief for the man whose relations to him have been of the most intimate and affectionate character, was engaged in managing the large number of visitors, answering innumerable questions, furnishing passes, replying to telegrams and watching the president's condition. All work in the executive offices was suspended, and the clerks and secretaries wandered through the rooms or sat at their desks, grief stricken. At noon telegrams of inquiry and sympathy began to pour in, and all the afternoon the White House wires were busy, employing three operators. Among the telegrams received was one from Gen. Grant, expressing sympathy and asking for further particulars. Nothing was heard from Gen. Arthur, and although Secretary Blaine telegraphed him four times, no reply was received. Much bitter comment upon this action was indulged in. Finally Gen. James sent to New York the following dispatch:

"Washington, July 2.—The secretary of state has telegraphed Vice President Arthur four times to-day. The gravity of the situation requires that we should communicate with him at once. Can you tell us where a telegram will reach him?"

(Signed) "T. L. JAMES, Postmaster General."

The following message was shortly after received:

To T. L. James: I have learned nothing officially regarding the president's condition. I have relied upon newspaper accounts. I hope to receive more favorable tidings. Please answer at once. Please present my deepest sympathy to Mrs. Garfield. (Signed) C. A. ARTHUR.

THE FIRST TO SOOTHE.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Mrs. Sarah N. White, the lady in charge of the waiting room at the Baltimore & Ohio depot, was the person who first saw and reached the president after he was shot. In reply to questions asked her, she said:

The man came in from this door (pointing to the door east) from the waiting room just as the president entered the middle door from B street, when he approached within five feet of the president he fired. He aimed, I thought, at

the president's heart and missed him. The president did not seem to notice him, but walked right on past the man. He fired again, and the president fell. He fell right at the turn of the second row of seats. I was the first to reach him and lifted up his head. The janitor rushed in and called the police. I did not speak to me or to any one till a young man who I think was his son came. I think he said something to him when he was lifted up on the mattress. He spoke on the ground no words at all. The man walked deliberately out of the door and where somebody headed him off. He turned and started back, and was seized at the door by a policeman. I have seen the man once or twice before—one time in particular a few years ago he promenade up and down, just as he did to-day, wiping his face and apparently as though he waited half an hour walking up and down. There were few people in the room when the shot was fired.

THE ASSASSIN. HIS PRECARIOUS CAREER.

CHICAGO, July 2.—Charles S. Gitteau, is well known in Chicago. He came here fifteen years ago and began the practice of law. He was always regarded as more or less insane. He married a beautiful young lady, the sister of a leading attorney named George Scoville. After a while he betrayed evidences of being a dead-beat, and was virtually forced to quit the city. He went to New York, and opened an office in Broadway, but led a precarious existence. In 1875 he returned to Chicago and, professing to have been converted, began work as a revivalist. He wrote a pamphlet on the second coming of Christ, which stamped him as a lunatic. He also delivered one or two lectures here to empty benches. He then turned his attention to journalism, and proposed to found a great daily newspaper. He issued a prospectus and made contracts for presses and press dispatches, but of course the thing fell through. Nothing is known of his career for the past six months. It is known that he became possessed of the idea of assassinating the president during Hayes' administration.

Gitteau is said to be the son of the cashier of the Second National Bank of Freeport, Ill. A prominent lawyer said Charles J. Gitteau is known to have been insane for years. He pretended to practice law in this city, and engaged in schemes that showed he was an insane man. On being questioned in relation to the assassin, United States

AS A SPIRITUALIST.

It was while in Chicago that he fell in with Geo. J. Jones, Maj. Bundy and other noted spiritualists. It will be remembered that Jones was murdered in Chicago a few years ago while conducting an investigation of certain alleged spiritual phenomena by Pike, one of the party, who, in a moment of jealousy, and while the crowd was turned down, and Jones was indulging in criminal relations with his wife. Gitteau was one of this odorous party, and was present when the murder was committed. Jones was editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago, the same paper which Maj. Bundy, of the same clique, now runs as a spiritualist's trumpet. While in Chicago Gitteau married a young lady who was librarian in the city library and subsequently she left him. He has been an outcast from his home, not recognized by relatives or former acquaintances. While in Chicago he was full of theories and ideas, in short, a monomaniac. The Chicago Times devoted a column or two to him in an expose, and told of his attempt at beating boarding houses. He sued the Times for libel, prosecuting his own case, and was ridiculous y beaten and still further shown up. He has vibrated between Chicago and New York and has been repeatedly arrested by his connection with Spiritualists, long haired men and short haired women, and has from his boyhood been a more fit person for an asylum than to be at large, though he was never considered dangerous, but, on the contrary was an ardent coward. He has been arrested repeatedly for disturbing the peace by his board bill and get his living, and has escaped prison because of the belief that he was insane, on the Wilkes Booth order. His inordinate desire to achieve notoriety has led him to dwell upon the present political disturbance until he has, in an insane moment, committed the deed which has shocked the civilized world.

HIS PECULIARITIES.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The assassin is now in jail. Many think he is crazy. He has sandy complexion, and is slight, weighing not more than 125 pounds. He wears a mustache and light chin whiskers, and his sunken cheeks and eyes far apart from each other give him a sullen, or as an official described, a loony appearance. The officer in question gave it as his opinion that Gitteau is a

CHICAGO COMMUNIST.

and stated that he had noticed it to be a peculiarity of nearly all murderers that their eyes are set far apart, and Gitteau, he said, proves no exception to the rule. When the prisoner arrived at the jail he was attired in a suit of blue and wore a drab hat pulled down over his eyes, giving him the appearance of an ugly character. It may be worthy of note to state that some two or three weeks ago Gitteau went to the jail for the purpose of visiting it, but was refused on the ground that it was not visitors' day. He at that time mentioned his name, as Gitteau, saying he came from Chicago, and was brought to jail to-day, he was admitted by the officer, who had previously refused to allow him to enter, and a mutual recognition took place, Gitteau saying, "You are the man who would not let me go through the jail some time ago." The only other remark that he made before being placed in his cell was that Gen. Sherman would arrive at the jail soon. The two jailers who are now guarding his cell state they have

SEEN HIM AROUND THE JAIL.

several times recently, and on one occasion he appeared to be under the influence of liquor. On one of his visits, subsequent to the first one mentioned, these officers say Gitteau succeeded in reaching the rotunda of the building, where he was noticed examining the scaffolds from which the Hirth murderers were hanged. Gitteau left town immediately after this for some months. One gentleman remarked: "I remember this Gitteau well. He was here two or three years ago, and seemed to have no visible means of support. He preached or lectured on religious and social subjects, upon which he was an enthusiast. He started in here as a lawyer, but failed utterly, and then tried to lift himself into notoriety by lecturing on religion one evening in each week. His card in the newspapers produced to-day is a literary curiosity. He bored the newspapers by trying to get his manuscript printed. He failed also as a lecturer, and then began life as a tramp of the more respectable order. He was branded by the Hotel-Keepers' association as a dead beat. In appearance he is an American of French extraction, thirty-five to forty years old, medium height, slender build, fair complexion, brown hair, French-shaped mustache, and beard tinged with gray. His whole appearance was that of a dandified

MAN OF SMALL MENTAL CALIBER.

He was unusually fond of notoriety and would go almost any length to get his name in the paper. He was arrested here once for embezzlement. He got the idea in his head that he was fit for an official position and has been trying with all his power to get the consulate at Marseilles. About 9 o'clock the assassin went to a hack stand adjoining the depot and engaged a hack from Barber, a colored hackman. He said he wanted to go to Glenwood cemetery in a short time, and wanted the hackman to drive very fast when he should get into the hack. He agreed to pay \$2 for the hack on condition that the hackman should drive fast. When stopped, the assassin was going to the hack he had engaged, and he insisted that it was important for him to go and deliver a message to Gen. Sherman. When the officers refused to let him go he begged them to take a letter he had to Gen. Sherman.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S OBSERVATIONS.

Secretary Blaine was met by a representative

of the press just as he was about leaving the White House, after the physicians had been called in for consultation. He said:

It is too horrible. The man who did the shooting has been hanging around the department of state for some time. He has had no occasion beyond his own desires to apply for an appointment, and we have never encouraged him. He is crazy, I believe. Giteau has been around the White House for several days, acting in a strange manner, and attaches thought and crazy. We noticed him around the White House last evening, and this morning he engaged a carriage at a stable, and said he wanted a quick team. He wanted to stop at the depot a minute, and then go over to Arlington.

A WEARSOME NIGHT. THE WATCHERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—The cabinet members came straggling back from 7 to 9 o'clock this morning, worn out by their all night vigils at the White House. Secretary Blaine looked bagged and wan and Secretary MacVeagh's peaked features seemed to acquire an additional angle. Secretary Kirkwood, the oldest man of the coterie, seemed to stand the fatigue the best, and except that he chewed his unit cigar a little more nervously than usual and showed that he was unshaven, there was little to indicate the terrible strain of the past twenty-four hours. Secretary Lincoln wore a meditative air, and his mind seemed to be wandering back over the sad tragedy of his own life, when for the first time the pistol of the assassin was raised against the nation's president. Secretary Windom has a sedate face at all times, and his countenance looked solemn when he came in from a hurried breakfast and a more hurried toilet at home. He said little, and his brow was deeply corrugated. Mr. Hunt wandered listlessly about, now and then indicating a dispatch to some inquiring friend. The president's sons were moving in and out all the morning with pale faces and eyes red with weeping.

MRS. GARFIELD was in the president's room administering soothing draughts now and then to the injured man. Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. James came early, and acted as though their only sentiment was that of hope. They seemed to be convinced that the president could not die; that providence would, as if by magic, spare the nation this burden of grief and shame. Postmaster General James was also there and lent a helping hand every where with his quick way. He had an air of confidence that carried with it a reassuring spirit that was courageous. As the hopeful bulletins of the physicians came out there was a kind of "I told you he was worth a regiment of dead men" air that demonstrated his faith. If there was but one chance in a thousand this was the one. Thus the day wore on, and the cabinet sat by most of the time in silence, waiting and hoping that the silent messenger would not come for their friend.

MEDICAL OPINIONS. This afternoon the secretary of state telegraphed to Dr. Hamilton of New York and Dr. Hayes Agnew of Philadelphia, that the president was resting comfortably and apparently doing well, but that it would gratify Mrs. Garfield to have them in consultation with Dr. Bliss and other attending physicians. To-night these two distinguished physicians were telegraphed for by Col. H. C. Corbin. Dr. Bliss has frequently said that there was hope for Gen. Garfield's recovery, yet the general conversation among the physicians at the White House conveyed the impression that it was not very confidently expected. To get their real meaning, Col. Corbin said to Dr. Bliss:

"What do you mean by saying you have hopes that the president will live; do you mean that you expect he will recover?"

"Oh, no," said Dr. Bliss; "we do not mean that we confidently expect it, but that there are grounds for hope. If he shall live until after 9 o'clock to-morrow we may then expect that he will ultimately get well."

During to-day and night they had informal consultations with members of the cabinet, at intervals of an hour or two, whenever any matter of importance seemed to require it.

ARRIVAL OF OLD FRIENDS.

President Hinsdale of Illinois, Col. George H. H. Smith of the 1st Ohio, the surgeon of Gen. Garfield's old regiment, and other personal friends arrived this evening. President Hinsdale heard the news of Garfield's attempted assassination while he was attending the funeral of Mrs. Arnold, the president's cousin, recently killed by the railroad accident. Dr. Pommeraise heard first at Pittsburgh that one of the "blets had been extracted from the president's liver, and when asked what the probable result would be, he replied that it depended very much upon what portion of the liver was perforated, and from what he heard he believed it would result fatally. He said he relied most for the president's recovery on the fact that he was in a splendid physical condition. He had also a grand constitution and could survive an injury that would kill nine out of ten men. He feared fatal results from the reports that vomiting had resulted so long after the wound, and another fact that the difference from the pulsation and respiration, which should not be more than from one to five. Dr. Pommeraise has a well-established reputation as an authority upon gun-shot wounds.

ARTHUR'S CALL AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

About 9:30 to-night Vice President Arthur, in company with Senator J. P. Jones of Nevada, drove up to the White House. Both gentlemen ascended the stairway and entered the cabinet room, where they were met by Secretary Brown, Gen. James and Attorney General MacVeagh, shaking hands with all present, the vice president asked after the president's health. He begged to be allowed to see him, but the judgment of both friends and physicians was against him. The conversation was confined solely to the president's injuries and the great calamity which had befallen the country.

ANXIOUSLY AWAITING.

At 1 o'clock this morning there are nearly 200 people standing about the entrance to the White House ground, awaiting news of the president's condition. The excitement on the streets has not abated, and there are anxiously awaiting the latest.

GITTEAU NOT INSANE. A METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

Special Telegram to the Pioneer Press. WASHINGTON, July 3.—The opinion towards the assassin among those who know him is that he is not insane. Secretary Blaine recognized the man as soon as the shots were fired. He had first abstained from giving his name to the crowd in the depot, but immediately informed the police that the man was Charles Giteau of Illinois. Chief Clerk Brown says that he knows the man well, having met him at the department several times. He counts the idea of his insanity. Giteau, Mr. Brown says, after filing his application for the Austrian mission and the consul generalship at Paris, and failing to receive either, conceived a

violent spite against the president and the secretary of state. He regarded the latter as the prime cause of his failure to receive a foreign appointment, and some of the circumstances attending the shooting justify the belief that one ball was intended for Secretary Blaine. The latter does not remember whether he had looked arms with the president or not. They were walking very close together at any rate, and the ball which struck the president's arm and passed within ten inches of the secretary of state. None of the would-be murderer's expressions indicate that he intended to shoot anyone but the president, but Mr. Blaine feels very thankful for his escape. Chief Brooks of the secret, and Special Attorneys Gibson and Cook are engaged in working up the case of the prisoner. I am informed by a member of the cabinet that last week information was received indicating that

ADDITIONAL VIOLENCE might be offered the president. The fact that Giteau, who had not money enough to pay his board and washing, was able to pay \$11 for a pistol and \$2 for a hack naturally suggested an inquiry as to the source from which the money came. It is said that the officers of the government have evidence to show that Giteau was accompanied to the depot by another. Who that was can not be ascertained. Whether the man was insane or not there is no doubt that the crime was coolly planned and deliberately executed. Giteau over two weeks ago visited the district jail to make an examination of it, and was denied admittance by the warden. He saw that it was safe enough to defend him from the hands of an infuriated mob. Immediately after the shooting he expressed great anxiety to be taken to jail to escape the fury of the crowd. The letter he sent to Gen. Sherman requested that officer to send troops to the jail, evidently for no other purpose than to defend him.

MUST BE HELD RESPONSIBLE. A prominent lawyer of the city said to-day: Insanity does not contemplate the risk and coolly plan to avoid it. Insanity is not capable of such accurate calculation of danger, for the danger of being mobbed for such an act is the chief one, and if so systematically planning to escape it. No, sir, that man is as sane as you or I, and he is legally responsible for his act. I tell you the law should be swift in this case. Should the president die, Giteau should be indicted to-morrow, tried on Tuesday and executed on Wednesday.

A detachment of two companies of troops was sent to the jail last night as a guard. About half of them were placed in the building and the remainder were encamped on the outside. There were no manifestations of violence made and but few people visited the jail. Orders to withdraw the troops were accordingly issued to-day.

GITTEAU ILLUSTRATES.

When Giteau was taken to his cell yesterday some one asked what the president did when he fired his first shot. Giteau replied, "I will show you," and throwing up his right elbow with his hand hanging downward shook his head, remarking: "That's the way he did, but the next shot got him, when he was first struck he sort of turned and looked scared." Giteau went to bed rather late last night, but he slept soundly and has eaten his meals regularly and with a good appetite. He has frequently asked for news from the White House, and seems depressed when good news is received and elevated in spirits when the reports indicate a probability of the president dying. At noon to-day Chief Brooks had a long interview with the prisoner, but nothing is known of the details of their conversation. About noon to-day T. J. Cutler, the volunteer witness who gave information at police headquarters relative to seeing Giteau, acting suspiciously, while another man at the depot was sent to the jail to identify the prisoner. No persons are allowed to see Giteau in jail, and his movements are carefully watched.

THE CORRESPONDENCE.

left by the prisoner, which is in the custody of the district attorney, has been carefully examined, and it proves to be of little value. There are a great many newspaper clippings from a stalwart newspaper, a letter addressed to Vice President Arthur telling him what he should have for a successful administration and other memoranda, showing that the man was either crazy on the subject of the future of the Republic in party or had carefully concocted a plan whereby it would seem apparent that he was insane.

VISITING THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

The Baltimore & Potomac depot was visited by crowds who inspected the scene of the attempted assassination. Among those early on the ground were a corps of artists engaged in taking sketches. After the shooting, some tobacco juice on the washboard, near where the president fell, was mistaken for blood, and was so great an attraction for the public that the railroad people were obliged to obliterate it. During the afternoon, what with the curious to see the place and the newspaper people and others measuring the rooms, there was much inconvenience to those passing and repassing to the trains.

CHIEF BROOKS' OPINION.

Chief Brooks, of the secret service, was met by a correspondent this evening at 9:30 o'clock. He thinks Giteau did it of his own accord, and without the knowledge of any one else. Mr. Brooks pooched the conspiracy question, and said:

"If any one will show me the slightest evidence of anything of the kind I will give it consideration. I have been following up every clue, and can only say that there is not yet a shadow of foundation for the story."

DETECTIVES AT WORK.

There are two New York detectives in the city. One of them is Frank Cosgrove, who did big work in the Manhattan bank robbery. They are supposed to be here in connection with the shooting of the president. There is no doubt that there is a theory that the act is something more than that of a crazy man which is being worked up and traced. Col. Corkprill, district attorney, and Attorney General MacVeagh were in consultation to-day.

About the 4th of March Giteau presented himself at the house of Mr. A. G. Hall and got several meals there, for which he did not pay. He stated that he expected to get a large sum of money from New York shortly, and would pay them. He was looked upon by Mr. Hall as an eccentric person.

GITTEAU'S MOTIVE.

Chief Brooks, of the secret service, says that Giteau, with whom he had a long conversation to-day, is not insane. The man talked about the crime he had committed in the most rational manner. He said that he contemplated the assassination of the president over six weeks ago. He had read the newspaper reports of the fight be-

tween the administration and the stalwarts of New York with the most intense interest. The conviction grew upon him that the one solution of the difficulty lay in the president's death. The idea took hold of and absorbed him. Giteau said that if the president had offered him the first position in the government's service it would have made no difference in his plans. He was determined to kill Garfield and intended to do it, and should deeply regret having failed in the attempt.

HENRY WATTERSON'S VIEWS.

CHICAGO, June 3.—Henry Watterson, in an interview, says:

I don't think the assassin is crazy, but a malignant, morbid creature who has made an effort all through his life to get notoriety, and failing in that the terrible faction fight at Albany suggested to him the idea of killing the president. That he was what we understand to be a crazy man I don't believe. It is fortunate that he was not a man of southern origin, because there would have been a stalwart outcry all over the country against the South. I don't see any reason why, inasmuch as this man has done the deed in the direct interest of the stalwart wing of the Republic, we should be in a hurry to assume that nobody is guilty but him. I think in this matter, as in all other matters, the distinguished position of men ought not to give them any rights of assumption whatever; that Arthur and Conkling are just as much open to suspicion as if they were private individuals, and that under similar circumstances private individuals are always suspected. While I do not charge them or suspect them of anything, still I think the party ought not to be hasty in jumping at the conclusion that they would be served. I think the circumstances of the fight at Albany on both sides incites the belief that whether anybody is guilty of complicity with this fellow Giteau or not, there is not a stalwart at Albany who would not be glad that he has done the job. The effect of Garfield's death will be to reverse the present situation and throw Blaine and his friends out and put Conkling and his friends in. It will be, of course, to utterly cast down the Garfield and Blaine interests, the present conservative interests, and bring in Conkling, Grant and Arthur and that whole set, and to that extent injure the country, seriously injure its credit abroad. There will necessarily be confusion in the mind of Europeans in regard to the assassination, and they will regard it as an evidence of the discontent of a class of people with their government. They won't discriminate that the affair itself is of such magnitude that the minds of almost everybody fell into the same general way of thinking. Of course, there cannot be any disinterested man but what regards it with horror.

GARFIELD'S MOTHER. HOW SHE RECEIVED THE NEWS.

CLEVELAND, July 3.—The news of the shooting of the president was broken to his mother this forenoon at Salon. She had been so much overcome by the fatal accident which resulted in the death of Thos. Garfield and Mrs. Arnold that the family had kept from her the intelligence of the attempted assassination, but this morning she felt better and spoke of attending Mrs. Arnold's funeral, which took place at Bedford to-day. In announcing her intention, she remarked, "Last Saturday Thomas was buried; to-day Cornelia." I wonder what it will be next Sunday. Mrs. Garfield was then sent for Mrs. Larrabee, another daughter. When the latter arrived Mrs. Garfield inquired if she was going to Mrs. Arnold's funeral. Mrs. Larrabee replied that she guessed she could not, as something had happened, so the sisters thought it best not to go. "What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Garfield. "We have heard that James is hurt," said Mrs. Larrabee. "How?" by the way she asked the mother. "No; he was shot by an assassin, but he was not killed," replied the daughter. "The Lord help me," exclaimed Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Larrabee assured her mother that the latest reports were favorable, and showed the president was resting quietly, and in a fair way to recover. "When did you hear of this?" queried Mrs. Garfield. "Yesterday noon, but we thought best not to tell you. The news was not as favorable as to-day," was the reply. "You were very thoughtful. I am glad you didn't tell me," said Mrs. Garfield adding quietly she thought something had happened as she had noticed the manners of her daughters had been peculiar toward her during yesterday. She bore up under the intelligence with much fortitude. She was shown the dispatches received from Major Swain, Secretary Judd and Harry Garfield, one from the latter reading as follows:

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Mrs. Eliza Garfield, Salem, O.: I thank God he lives this morning, and the doctors are very hopeful. He has been perfectly recovered since to-day.

She read the dispatches calmly, and said: "How could anybody be so cold-hearted as to want to kill baby." In general conversation she wondered what is coming next, and inquired what will probably be done with the assassin. To some one saying, hang him, she answered: "He deserves it." She does not contemplate going to Washington unless sent for, thinking she will be telegraphed for if necessary to go. It being remarked to her that the news grew favorable, she said: "I am glad to hear it, but I am afraid we are hoping against fate. It seems terrible."

This afternoon she dictated the following dispatch to her grandson:

Harry A. Garfield, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.:—The news was broken to me this morning and shocked me very much. Since receiving your telegram I feel much more hopeful. Tell James that I hear he is cheerful and I am glad to hear it. Tell him to keep good spirits and accept the love of mother and sisters.

ELIZA A. GARFIELD.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

SKETCH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S LIFE.

The race of Garfield traces its ancestry back to that Massachusetts Puritan stock from which sprang so many of our greatest heroes and statesmen. The long roll of the family contains the names of men who perpetuated the stern virtues of their fathers, and, through changes and migrations, transmitted them unweakened to their later representatives. Abram Garfield, the father of the president, died when his son, born November 19, 1831, was but eighteen months old. The widow, with four helpless children dependent upon her, neither yielded to despair nor accepted any assistance which might be construed as a charity. Following her magnificent gospel of self-help, she took upon herself their future. How faithfully and grandly she fulfilled her trust is witnessed by the touching and tender reverence shown by the son whom the nation exalted to its place of chiefest honor. The young James commenced his school life at the age of three years, thus evincing a precocity and a taste for study which was a presage of future greatness. For the next twelve years his life was that of a student, reading and manual labor which, in our earlier history, was so frequently the discipline through which a poor but intelligent and ambitious boy was obliged to pass to a career of honor and renown. His few books were read and re-read, and his youthful fancy fired by tales of adventure on the battle-field and the sea. Yet with all his studious habits, he was a vigorous, independent youth; and his playmates soon learned that interference or injustice were things he would not brook. He was simply a boy; healthy in body, mind and morals.

When sixteen years old he went to Cleveland, bent on shipping as a hand before the mast. He boarded a vessel, found some drunken sailors, and a captain who looked a drunken beast; was shocked, and turned away and walked off—partly disillusioned, not wholly. He happened to meet a cousin whom he knew merely by sight, and who was run-

ning a canal-boat. The cousin asked him if he did not want to drive a horse for him. The offer was accepted, for it flashed on young Garfield's quick mind that he could make the canal work a primary school, the lake the academy, and the ocean the college. So began his canal-boat experience, which was both sufficiently and in some cases extraordinarily profitable. It came about naturally, without accident or any merely wild notion of adventure, and James went through it rough and tumble, like the brave and lusty youth he was, for three months, when he got paid \$10 a month and was discharged. It was ended by an attack of fever, through which he was safely carried by the skillful and tender care of his mother. During his convalescence he persuaded him to effort of another kind. An education fitting him for a teacher would open before him a prospect of equal independence and greater possibilities than the forest or the canal. With his mother's consent, young Garfield and his two cousins entered the academy at Chester. This marks the real beginning of his busy, honorable, and useful life. Here he met a young girl, Lucretia Randolph, who in after years became his wife. Here he caught a glimpse of the life which might have been his, had he been content to follow the path of a common man, and here were awakened those aspirations which only strengthened with increasing years.

At the end of a year he undertook his first experience in teaching. Insubordination among his unruly backward pupils served merely to display more plainly his many courage and his iron will. No one cared to dispute in authority a second time, and while yet a boy he took his first lesson in the responsibilities of ruling. Attracted by the simple earnestness of a preacher of the "Disciples," he was naturally drawn to their faith and the institution which they had founded at Hiram. Here he had his tremendous work of preparation for college. He began at Hiram in the fall of 1851, with but twenty-four weeks of Latin and twelve weeks of Greek. He taught for two winters in the district school. After the first term he taught constantly from three to six, and later the whole six classes, so that he could only study nights and mornings. In 1854, 1854-5, he was paid his academic expenses. At Williams, his life was a continuation of his earlier experiences. His predilection for study and reading was strengthened, his honesty and manliness gained him many friends, and, in 1856, he graduated with high honors, possessing the highest academic standing in the confidence of President Hopkins and the entire faculty. He returned to Hiram as professor of Latin and Greek, and in 1858, was married to Miss Randolph, to whom he had been engaged since his college days.

Teaching and preaching for the Disciples, he soon took an uncompromising stand on the great questions then beginning to stir the nation; and, in 1859, the people of Summit and Portage counties chose him as their state senator. After eminent services to his State, he followed his principles to the field in 1861, when he was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Forty-second Ohio volunteers. His military career alone affords matter for a volume. He defeated the rebel forces at Paintsville and Prestonburg, and drove them from Kentucky, receiving for the service a brigadier's commission. He served in the battles of Shiloh and Corinth, was a member of the Pitt John Porter corps, and was made chief of staff to Gen. Rosecrans. Although prejudiced against Garfield, he soon came to admire him, and they were fast friends.

It was to Garfield's foresight and advice that he afterwards owed many of his successes. The battle of Chickamauga was Garfield's last military service of moment. He wrote every order that day but one—that one was the fatal order to Gen. Wood, which, displacing his brigade, enabled Hood to break through and reach the Union flank. After a week or two of further service he was sent to Washington as a bearer of dispatches. He there learned of his promotion to a major-generalship of volunteers, "for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Chickamauga." December 5, 1863, he received the news of the death of his father. With the loss of his father, he was elected to Congress from the Ashtabula district of Ohio, believing that he could be of greater service in the congressional halls than on the battlefield. Garfield was nominated without his knowledge or permission, and when he accepted it he did so with the knowledge of his friends, but not of the public. He was elected by a large majority. He, however, continued his military service up to the day Congress met. He has often expressed regret that he did not fight the war to the end. Among men of an earlier age and who are still prominent in public life, modestly began in Congress the course of study and experience which was ultimately to enable him to eclipse them all. His extraordinary versatility, activity, and industry are displayed throughout the whole of his long period of service in Congress. Even for a single session, the catalogue of his speeches and remarks is more voluminous than that of any other member of the body. Each succeeding year he studied more important subjects, and his opinions grew of greater weight in the opinions both of constituents and colleagues.

He studied thoroughly the currency question, and when theories of repudiation were rife, he steadfastly opposed the advocates of repudiation, and toward national dishonor. His unwavering adherence to the cause of honest money was one of the prime causes of the complete trust that the people reposed in him. The tariff was no less made the subject of his study, and few were capable of speaking on this question with greater information or more lucid argument. Scarcely any subject which it benefits the statesman to investigate did he neglect; and upon whatever he brought to bear his trained and powerful intellect, he shed a new and clearer light. In the Forty-first Congress, Gen. Garfield was the champion of the cause of military affairs. In the Forty-first he was given the chairmanship of banking and currency, which he liked much better because it was in the line of his financial studies. His next promotion was to the chairmanship of the appropriations committee, which he held until the passage of the bill for the purchase of the Hawaiian Islands.

During the troubled times following the election of 1876, Garfield was the leader of the moderate element of the Republican party. He sat on the electoral commission, and by his impartial course toward the electors he secured a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Civil service reform has always commanded his sympathy, and his well-known utterances upon this subject endeared him to the masses who desire an honest and efficient public service. As a lawyer, his career, though brief, was marked by a number of cases of great importance, and he was never able to speak on this question with greater information or more lucid argument. Scarcely any subject which it benefits the statesman to investigate did he neglect; and upon whatever he brought to bear his trained and powerful intellect, he shed a new and clearer light. In the Forty-first Congress, Gen. Garfield was the champion of the cause of military affairs. In the Forty-first he was given the chairmanship of banking and currency, which he liked much better because it was in the line of his financial studies. His next promotion was to the chairmanship of the appropriations committee, which he held until the passage of the bill for the purchase of the Hawaiian Islands.

United States senate to succeed Mr. Thurman; but before the arrival of the date for taking his seat he had been elected and elected president. No one who remembers the supreme confidence reposed in his leadership in Congress, and the storm of applause which spontaneously swayed the Chicago convention whenever he addressed it, can fail to realize that he was the great popular hero, dear to the very heart of the people. He was nominated at Chicago, it is true, nominally as a compromise candidate; but no one of all the list could have awakened among the masses the enthusiastic affection which rallied around his name. Since the day on which he assumed his high office, this has been a measure of success which all the efforts of unscrupulous enemies could not lessen. He has been a noble, self-sustained, strangely consistent career. He has been held up as the type of the self-made American nobleman. That he should have passed through such privations, sacrifices and strong prophecies of affection, endeared himself to every patriot, and reached the summit of glory only to find awaiting him there the assassin's bullet, is the very irony of fate.

Garfield on Lincoln's Murder.

At a meeting held in Union Square, New York city, the night after President Lincoln's assassination, Gen. Garfield spoke as follows:

It seems as though the rebellion, by this last act of frightful madness, at the moment when the people were rejoicing at having reached the haven of peace at last, had determined that the president of the republic should go to join the army of the dead. Garfield, however, said to the people: "But, fellow citizens, they have slain the noblest and most generous spirit that ever put down a rebellion on this earth. [Applause.] It may be almost impious to say it, but it does seem to me that his death almost parallels that of our God, who gave us our liberties. [Applause.] But in taking away that life they have left the iron hand of the people to fall upon them. [Great applause.] Peace, forgiveness and mercy are the attributes of this government, but justice and judgment, with inexorable tread, follow behind, and

when they have slain love, when they have deepened mercy, when they have rejected those who would be their best friends, then comes justice, with hoodwinked eyes and a sword. [Applause.] From every gaping wound of our dead chief, from every wound of our dying secretary of state and his son, let the voices go out to the people to see to it that our house is swept and garnished. I will say one thing more: For mere revenge I would do nothing. This nation is too great for mere revenge, but for

THE SECURITY OF THE FUTURE I would do everything. [Applause.] Our honored dead, if they could look down upon the scene would say to you: "We have committed to you the high and holy charge, that we shall not have lived in vain. I do not believe it is in the character of the American people to become assassins, like the people of France and Italy. [Applause, and cries of "Never."] I do not believe that Gen. Lee and his officers could have sanctioned this act; but if they do—oh! if they do—let them feel the red lightning of the people's vengeance. [Applause.] I will not detain you, fellow citizens. [Cries of "Go on—go on."] My heart is too full. I had an interview only yesterday with one member of the cabinet, and among the last words he said to me were: "I love our president more and more every day I see him; there is no point of rebellion that he does not understand, and which he does not seem to have considered with all the earnestness of his spirit; I believe he has thought more deeply than any other American citizen upon the subject of this war." But he is gone from among us; but though dead, he is your president and mine to-day. [Applause.]

ASSASSINATION IN EUROPE.

LONDON, July 4.—The Russian Consul at Sophia, telegraphs M. Alexander has been discovered. Premier Ehrenrath consequently has gone to Sistova.

William Inman, of Inman steamship line, died at Birkenhead.

THE FEELING ABROAD.

LONDON, July 4.—There is intense sympathy among the American bankers here for the president's recovery.

No financial or political anxiety, however, is felt over his attempted assassination, although public opinion is prepared for intelligence of a fatal termination of president's wounds. The market for American securities is quiet. Dealers are all buyers at figures over the New York quotations and there are no sellers at a reasonable margin.

The Standard has distanced all competitors by the fullness and accuracy of its cable dispatches from Washington and New York respecting the attempted assassination of President Garfield.

Expression from the Lord Mayor of London.

Special Telegram to the Pioneer Press.

New York, July 4.—The London cablegram: The lord mayor, on opening the court at the Mansion house this morning, said he wished, in a formal, official manner, to express what he knew was the universal feeling of the citizens of London respecting the deplorable tragedy at Washington. The attempt upon President Garfield's life was regarded with unmitigated horror and detestation by every member of the municipal administration of London, and this feeling was fully shared by every citizen of the metropolis. The lord mayor went on to say that while he earnestly hoped that the president's life would be spared, the worst was to be feared. He ended his remarks, which were listened to with the deepest attention, by expressing his deep sorrow for the crime, and his most lively sympathy with the president, his family and the nation. Liverpool markets are unaffected by the news of the President Garfield's shooting. The feeling is that the assassination has no political significance and that after the first shock has passed over, the course of "business will go on as usual."

VICE PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—An intimate friend of Gen. Arthur states that he is the greatest sufferer of all next to the executive himself. Threatened with the necessity of taking a place made vacant for him by the hand of one, who in his lunacy even declared it to have been his object to make him the president. He is almost horrified at the idea.

SENATOR JIM FAIR, OF NEVADA.

All Four of the Big Bonanza People Irishmen.

From the Hour.

It is a curious circumstance that all four of the Bonanza people are Irishmen by birth—three Roman Catholics, while Fair is so much of a Protestant as to be called an Orangeman. It is remarkable, by the way, how many of the mine-owners and mine superintendents are Irishmen. In more than two-thirds of the mines on the Pacific coast the superintendent of his first assistant hails from the land of O'Connell and I'arnell, and they are generally faithful if not ultra pious Roman Catholics. The wholesale houses on the Pacific coast are in the hands of the Jews. Americans are the politicians, the lawyers, the railroad men and the speculators. Although the best known millionaires are Americans, it is nevertheless true that more than half of the wealth of the Pacific coast is in the hands of Irish Roman Catholics and Jews. The Irish spends their money freely and do not make good speculators, but they more than make up for it by their aptitude for mining. James G. Fair was born at Clougher, Tyrone county, Ireland, in December, 1831. He came to this country in 1843, attended school at Geneva, Ill., where some of his family still live. He was an original 49er. In that year he was at work on Long Bar, Feather river, Cal. He did not find it profitable, so he turned his attention to quartz mining. His first assay was at Angels, Calaveras county. He soon ranked high as a good judge of mines and as an operator. In 1855 he became superintendent of the Ophir mine, and in 1857 the Hale and Norcross mine came under his direction. It was the latter which gave Fair his start in the world. Soon after he made a lucky guess. He surmised that certain ground might contain a great deal of rich ore. With the help of Flood he secured the claim, since grown so famous throughout the world as the Consolidated Virginia and California mines. Senator Fair owns seventy acres of land in San Francisco and is the owner of a residence in Menlo Park, which is said to cost \$1,000,000. He is supposed to be worth \$25,000,000. He has a wife and four children. Living so much under ground in an unnatural atmosphere, he has been troubled with rheumatism and throat disease, and once took a trip to Japan for his health. Fair is not so rich as either Mackay or Flood, for his possessions represent actual money taken from the mines rather than profit made on the stock exchange. Senator Fair is a democrat in politics, but he is on the pleasantest personal terms with his associates, Senator Jones, who is a republican.

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

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THE ASSASSINATION.

THE assassination of President Garfield is the legitimate result of the campaign against the President by the element in the Republican party, which believed the government ought to be administered in the interest of the party bosses rather than in the interest of the people. It is the work of the spirit that plunged the country into rebellion, murdered Lincoln and led to all sorts of excesses under Grant's administration. It inaugurated a warfare on Hayes, conspired to defeat Blaine and Sherman, and suggested the compromise which nominated Garfield and Arthur. It whispered about the halls and corridors of the capitol at Albany, "Garfield will die, and then Arthur will be president," and now makes the prophecy good by murdering him. Not that the murder is the result of a conspiracy, but, when men in high position give their passion loose rein, some lunatic is apt to get into his crazed brain the idea that through murder he can do the cause he espouses, service. This assassin boldly claimed that he was a Conkling man, and killed Garfield in order to make Arthur president. But the bullet that killed Garfield killed bossism in American politics, or else its effects will be so far resulting as to destroy the republic.

Cabal of the basest sort were prepared to ensnare Washington: Lincoln, one of the best and greatest among men, was murdered because of his fidelity to his country, and now Garfield is stricken down in the prime of life—in the beginning of an administration certain to become famous for its purity—for his devotion to the best interests of the country. Mr. Garfield gathered about him a cabinet composed of men eminent for their learning on public service. He seemed to forget his own interests, his own pleasure and to strive only for his country.

SINCE the attempted assassination of the President, Vice President Arthur has been under the guard of several detectives and policemen at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York. Threats of Conkling's life have also come to the ears of detectives, and both he and Gen. Arthur have been warned by numerous letters and friends not to risk their lives in public for a few days. It is indeed a sad state of affairs, for some lunatic is liable to get into his diseased mind the same idea that Guiteau had perhaps, that by killing Arthur and Conkling, a great favor will be done the country and the unfortunate President. It seems like mockery, however, to place a guard of detectives over the life of an American, and only illustrates the state of affairs existing in the Old World.

THE Minneapolis Tribune says: In a word, the public finds relief in the fact that so far as appears on the surface, this colossal crime has no deeper spring, no more dangerous explanation, than the personal malice of a villain and adventurer, without character, without antecedents, without a constituency, without principle, without friends—a political dead beat and desperado, enraged at the president for refusing his chronic appeals for office. That his befogged brain should couple his private grudge with the sorrows of his stalwart friends at Albany, and attempt to raise his horrible crime of murder into the realm of political necessity and strategy, is not strange nor especially significant.

REPORTS from along the line indicate a good condition of crops, despite the two days' blast of hot air from the south, which affected late sown oats to some extent. Last month there was a rainfall of over four inches, thus clearly demonstrating the fact that there is abundant rain.

fall. During the past ten days, however, the weather has been exceedingly warm and a little rain just now would be most acceptable, and perhaps would make a difference of several bushels in the yield of most pieces of grain. Wheat is quite generally headed out and the outlook now is decidedly encouraging.

AN entire nation is ready to rise and quote, with a personal application, the following words of the prostrate president in referring to the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865. "Clouds and darkness are round about him! His position is the dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and mercy are the habitation of his throne. Mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow citizens, God reigns and the government at Washington still lives!"

THE astronomer who predicted unusual atmospheric disturbances during the month of July all over the United States is vindicated thus far, for such hot weather, high tides and hurricanes have not before been known. The peculiar dry, hot winds from the torrid zone seem to be general, and while rain fall is plenty in most sections, yet it is not sufficient to counteract the withering effect of this torrid wave.

CONKLING's advice to his friends to keep voting but not to elect, is discreet and indicates a cool intention to wait until the storm raised by the President's assassination shall pass. Unless the members of the Legislature can rise above the factional bonds that have held them in disgraceful disagreement for nearly two months past, an adjournment should for decency's sake be affected at once.

THE strange law in the District of Columbia which allows only a sentence of eight years imprisonment to an assassin who attempts the life of the President of the United States, will doubtless be changed by the next session of Congress. The inability of a jury to hang the villain is indeed a misfortune and a disgrace to the country.

VICE PRESIDENT ARTHUR shows the greatest grief. He is as tender as a woman in his sympathies, and his great heart seems to be completely crushed. The disposition at first indulged to blame Messrs. Conkling and Arthur is rapidly passing away, and should the President recover, there will be harmony in the administration from this time on.

ALTHOUGH only obtained at great trouble and expense, THE DAILY TRIBUNE is the only paper northwest of St. Paul that has given complete telegraphic information regarding the condition of the President and incidents of the sad affair which is now the all-absorbing topic of conversation in every street and household.

THE nomination of a vice president will hereafter constitute a more important factor in the work of a national convention. Something more than the geographical residence of the candidate will be taken into consideration in deciding upon whom the office shall be bestowed.

THE Chicago Tribune confounds Henry S. Lane, of Indiana with Joe Lane of Oregon, and proceeds to make itself ridiculous by speaking of his death as that of one of the eight candidates on the Presidential tickets of 1880, seven of whom are already dead.

GLENDIVE has captured a postoffice. The Norton postmaster, Call McGuellan, has moved his office over to the burg, and is now ready to receive the mail for Glendive and the extension. The mail will be sent out to Glendive this evening.

THE attempted assassination of the president has had no effect upon the vote in the New York legislature. It likely to recover he will be treated with greater

consideration, and administration senators will be elected, no doubt.

THE citizens of Flint, Mich., celebrated the Fourth of July by hanging Guiteau in effigy. Hurrah for the patriotism of the people of Flint! They should have the prisoner in person to deal with.

THE Black Hills daily Times, over the destinies of which Porter Warner presides, believes it will live on forever, the predictions of the "phant man" of the Fargo Argus, notwithstanding.

THE cold blooded, conceited Conkling has not communicated his regrets by telegraph, and is apparently more concerned as to his own political fate than the fate of the president.

CONKLING denies that he is afraid of assassination, and has employed detectives to guard him.

THE country needs more statesmen and patriots and less assassins.]

The Coming Villard.

It is expected that the Villard party will arrive at Bismarck to-night and leave for a trip over the extension to-morrow morning. Of Mr. Villard's coming and its significance THE TRIBUNE has recently spoken at length and has republished all of the interviews to which he has been subjected since his arrival in the west. Wednesday's Pioneer Press says:

"The Villard party did not leave St. Paul until 10 o'clock last night. During the day yesterday several of them visited places of interest in St. Paul and vicinity. Mr. Villard remained in St. Paul, his time being fully taken up in attending to business matters. In the morning he visited Mayor Rice's office, where he met his honor, the mayor, city attorney Murray, and Gen. Sanborn. He was by them tendered a reception in behalf of the chamber of commerce, to meet the business men of St. Paul. He signified his acceptance, to take place on his return from the west, in about ten days from date. Besides attending to other matters, Mr. Villard, in company with general manager Haupt, had a conference with general manager Hill, of the Manitoba road, at the office of the latter. In the evening a number of callers absorbed the time till the hour of departure for the Yellowstone via Duluth. Several additions to the original party have been made, so that on the train there were thirty passengers, including mayor Rice, who had been invited by Mr. Villard to be his guest."

Guiteau's Cabinet.

Among the papers found on the person of Guiteau, which the district authorities are endeavoring to keep secret, is a letter addressed to Gen. Chester A. Arthur, as the president of the United States. It considers him as the president, by his (Guiteau's) act, and gives him advice as to the choice of his advisers. The cabinet proposed by Guiteau is as follows: Roscoe Conkling, secretary of state. Levi P. Morton, secretary of the treasury.

John A. Logan, secretary of war. Emory A. Storrs, attorney general. James will be retained as postmaster general. The positions of secretary of the navy and interior he says are of no consequence. Guiteau adds that the system of prohibiting the appointment of more than one cabinet officer from a state had better be abolished.

Our market is overstocked with green peas and new potatoes. In the states these delicacies rarely make their appearance before the 24th of July. The Register family have been eating peas picked from their own garden for two weeks.—Spearfish Register.

A charming young bride in Sacramento flogged a red faced politician because he invited her husband into a saloon to take a drink. He intended to liquor but she licked him.

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TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.
Judge Buchanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

George Vetter, a. p., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

Squire N. G. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and now I know I am entirely cured."

Mr. Hellen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been afflicted with a great part of the time, to my bed with Leucorrhoea and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. Grier, M. D., a. p., Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "I have been a sufferer for years with Lumbago and Sciatica, and was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. Keeling, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones I had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever saw."

Ray & Shoemaker, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo. We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day.

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH LIVER PAD Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Ague Caches, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price \$1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guilmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address **FRENCH PAD CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

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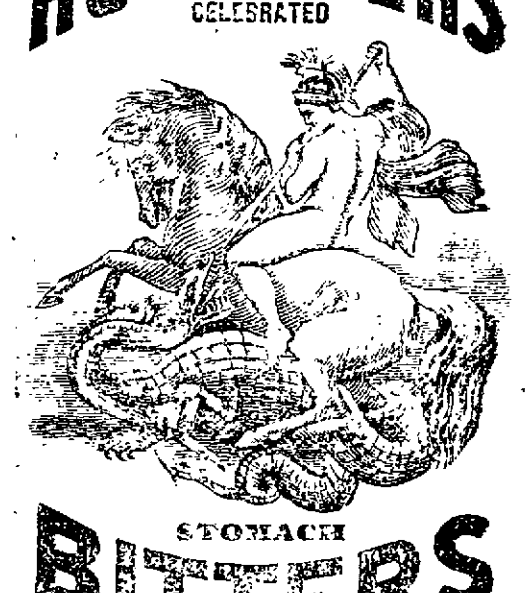


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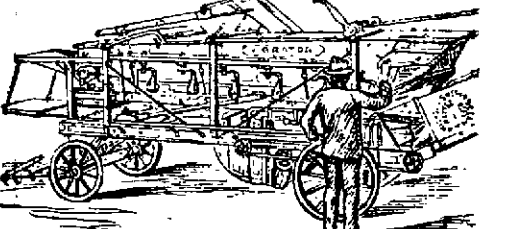
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STEELE TOWNSITE BOOM

THE MAJOR'S VALEDICTION.

The major on a sunshiny day in the main street of Ballykillowry was pleasant to behold. He was not strictly a handsome man, perhaps, but he had the air of being a handsome man—an air of so much nonchalance and good-humored triumph that it imposed upon most people and sent them away with the notion that the major was an Adonis. He had one of the grandest figures I remember to have seen. Strength sat side by side with grace on his broad shoulders, and the carriage of his head was in itself a sort of wonder of high temper and vivacity. His mustache took a splendid downward sweep; his hat raked a little; the tips of the fingers of his left hand entered his trousers-pocket; his right hand bore a cane, which described, as it were of its own volition, circles and segments of circles. He took his way smiling, and his bright gray eyes and faultless teeth made his face look as gay as sunshine. This when I come to look at it, reads like the description of a handsome man; but, like the major's air, there is a certain imposition in it, though I know not how to lay my finger on it.

Ballykillowry was mainly owned by Miss Vivian Blake, a young lady of charming exterior, who rode to hounds under the escort of an ugly male second cousin, whom the major loathed. But such part of Ballykillowry as was owned by the beautiful Miss Blake was owned by her ugly male second cousin, and the popular impression was that Miss Blake and the cousin would make a match of it. Against this popular belief the major chafed, as Socrates might have riled up against a deprecating syllogism. It may be said of the major that he had an air of prosperity, which was greatly more deceptive than his air of physical beauty. Had his creditors met in conclave they might possibly have decided amongst them a problem of some interest; how did the major live? He owned neither lands nor messuages. Like his look of beauty and his air of prosperity, his very title was misleading to the stranger. He had never held a commission anywhere, in anything; but a man with such a figure ought to have been a major,—if the rank had been created especially that he might ornament it, the thing had seemed most fitting and admirable,—and, in short, the title was a popular tribute, unsought by him, conferred upon him by nature, so it seemed, and adopted without one dissenting voice by the public of Ballykillowry, and indorsed by the members of the ulster in lordly Belfast.

Novelists and other social moralists have often been cynical, at small cost, with respect to the affection entertained by an unscrupulous gentleman for a well-acred lady. But, as Boccaccio and Mr. Tennyson will tell you, a real attachment is not altogether impossible under such conditions. The major was madly in love—not with Miss Blake's landed possessions, but with Miss Blake. Time had made his first inroads on the poor gentleman's close clustering hair. He was but two and thirty, but some men age early, and I have never heard that a partial or even complete baldness gives safety against the assaults of the grand passion. The early second cousin, his own poverty, the rapidly increasing width of his central parting, and Vivian's beauty and Vivian's kindness, combined together to fret the major's heart. Yet the Irish elasticity of his temperament constantly pulled him out of the depths of despondency, though it as constantly suffered him to fall again. Spiritually, he resembled an infant seated in that American invention, "the baby-jumper," and he went up and down at the most insignificant provocation.

In perfect seriousness, but with an Irish sense of rhyme, he wrote ballads on his own condition and to his mistress's eyebrow. Permit that the muse of history conserve a verse. The title of this story should, perhaps, have been One of the Major's Valedictions, or the Major's Last Valediction, for during the years of his passion he was always bidding farewell in terms more or less affecting, to the adorable Vivian. "And as for me," wrote the major, after wishing Vivian all happiness, even with the ugly second cousin:

"And as for me, there's Fiji and Tahiti,
And lots of other places to die in;
I'll reach and thrill me even when I'm lying."
It was an honest passion. The poor fellow was fairly booked. All manner of ambitions began to bestir themselves; for there was more in him, or at least he thought so, than the helpless power to dream of good over a bottle of the club pomade or a glass of hot Irish, as the state of the funds might order. Perhaps the title conferred upon him was not without its influence upon his dreams.

"I'd hang me harp on a willow tree, an' off to the wars again," said the major; "but I haven't a harp, or the funds to buy one; and there's no willow tree handy, and no wars congenial, the Lord be good to me."

Whether Phil Durgan, the ugly second cousin, had or had not in his own person exhausted the family stock of physical unappealingness, I cannot tell; but I know for a fact that his sister was as pretty as Vivian herself. If I knew of anything prettier, I would compare her to it; but I do not; and in these declining days I am not likely to find it. Whose is the hand which shall, by the aid of movable types, describe a pretty girl? Mine has no cunning. If I say that each of these young ladies was ravishing, nineteen and Irish, I have done my best. Like Rosalind and Celia, they learned, played, and danced together, and whereoe'er they went, Juno's swans, still they went coupled and inseparable. It followed that if Phil Durgan had known as much as was known to his sister Julia, he would have known more of Vivian's likings than he knew. In that case the ineffable satisfaction which commonly illumined his foggy features might have dimmed a little. Yet, why should I triumph over my Phil? Your story-teller is rarely contented unless he flogs his rascals. Dickens, for example, gloated over the buffets dealt by his popular to his unpopular people. With what a gusto he flogs Squeers; how rejoicingly he throws Wegg into the scavenger's cart; with what exultation he tells the story of Pecksniff's thrashing. He is in my power to administer to Mr. Philip Durgan a horsewhipping such as never yet mortal man received; but as I'm sure I'll be merciful. Phil, as the late Lord Lytton said of somebody, was uglier than he had a right to be. There is a certain Irish type of face which trenches perilously on the aspect of the gorilla; and Phil, who was naturally gifted in this direction, improved his chances by the disposition of his hair and whiskers. He had all the graces of a lady-killer, as an initiative ape might have them. He had a brogue a man might have hung his hat on, and believed that he spoke with the purest of all possible English accents.

"O' was niver taken for an Irishman but wonce in my life," Phil had been known to say, "an' that was by a Polish Jew O' met in Hungary; an' after we'd been talkin' for'n hour or two, 'Mr. Durgan,' says he, 'ye'll be an Irishman.' An' what makes ye think that?" says O'. "Your speech," says he. An' O' fluffed at the man.

It was before the days of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish church, and the bishop of Ballykill was a prosperous and a happy prelate. The bishop was a fruitful vine, and the quiver of the bishop was somewhat tightly packed.

Jack's description of the rescuer was a real work of art.

"No, no," cried the major, blushing to the roots of his hair. "Indeed, 'twas nothing. He'd have got out easily without me."

"Indeed, then," said Jack, "I'd never have got out at all without you. Because," he added, sotto voce, "without you I'd never have got in."

"Mr. Geoghagan," said the bishop, with tears of emotion on his cheeks, "you must not stand a moment in your wet clothes. Come with me."

The major followed obediently. Vivian and Julia had heard the tale in common with the rest of the household. By some instinct pecu-

liar to the sex they retired together. Vivian flew to Julia's arms and kissed her cheek.

"Indeed," said Julia, "he is a noble fellow!"

"He is as brave as he is handsome," said the beautiful Vivian, and a sympathetic tear coursed towards one corner of her charming mouth.

Ugly Phil Durgan knew not of this moving scene, and was too stupid to divine it. But there had never been any love lost between himself and the major.

"What roight has the biygyard here," queried Phil to himself, "pokin his nose where he's not wanted. Why couldn't he let the little puppy drown himself, and save the country the price of a rope? He'll have to have one some day. O'ld have let him down," mused ugly Phil; and indeed I am not indisposed to think that Mr. Durgan construed himself aright.

It so befell that there was nobody in the palace whose clothes were likely to fit the major, with the exception of Phil himself. The bishop's request for a complete rig-out for the rival was not to be denied, but Phil granted it grudgingly. A little silver kettle was hissing above a spirit lamp in the breakfast room when the major descended. I fancy that his lordship had caught something of the manners of the country, and had a use for that little kettle on most days after dinner. The bishopess with her own fair hands (plump and hospitable hands they were) made grog for the rescuer of her child, and pressed it upon him lest he should take cold. It was a signal honor, and the major felt it.

A little flushed by his bath and the triumph of the situation, the major looked more like a handsome man than ever. Mr. Durgan's tweeds fitted him as though they had been made for him.

"Phil," said Vivian, "I always despised your tailor until now."

"Yes," said Phil, innocently. "I've changed me man. These wor made in London." And he sprawled into an attitude which seemed likely to prove fatal.

The bishop begged the major to stay. His wife commanded to the same effect with imperious hospitality. The major had nothing to do but to accept the situation. He spent the evening in the same house with Vivian—that was worth something to him.

"Make the running," whispered Jack. "It's all in your own hand."

Now the major, although an Irishman, was bashful. It was an Irishman who wrote *She Stoops to Conquer*, and he drew the hero on an Irish pattern. Had Vivian been a pretty chambermaid, poor Geoghagan had approached her with conquering airs forbidding victory; but he was half abashed before a lady, though never shamefaced enough to be clumsy.

"It was a noble deed, Mr. Geoghagan," said Vivian, letting her splendid eyes shine full upon him for a moment.

"Faith, it was not," he answered, in a tone of some distress.

His lordship's youngest son, Jack, was a terror to the hearts of his parents. His lordship was an Englishman, and Jack, to his horror, had acquired a brogue which rivaled Phil's. The lad was always in mischief of one kind or other, and his mother's anxious heart daily foreboded that he would be brought home upon a shutter. Yet there was no harm in young Jack, and he had as staunch pluck as a bulldog's. And, be it known, he knew and loved the major.

And now, the dramatis personae being introduced, let the tale go smoothly on.

The good bishop was rarely without guests; for if his own hospitable instincts slumbered for a day or two, his sons or daughters brought their own charms or companions to dwell within his gates. Kate and Mary were rapturously in love with Vivian and Julia, and were continually paying and receiving visits to and from them. Miss Blake and Miss Durgan were beneath the bishop's roof, and Mr. Phil Durgan, who was intimate with the bishop's second son, had no difficulty in securing quarters there. The major, knowing his rival's chances, and recognizing the hopelessness of his own passion, was torn by vain desires. He walked and rode about Ballykill, encountering the bishop often, but avoiding the ladies so persistently that anybody who was a fool might have thought that the meetings with the bishop were the special object of his journeys. Master Jack, who was acute and discerning, knew better. Meeting the major one day he took the bull by the horns.

"Gay, me boy," said Jack, "why don't ye come up an' have a shoy at her?"

The major's name was Geoghagan, and "Gay was the friendly contraction.

"Well, ye see," said the major, dubiously, "your mother's not too fond of me."

"O, don't moind her ladsyship," said Jack; "O'll pull ye through it."

"I'm not liked, Jack," the major answered, sadly; "and it's not of any use to go. I would be coldly treated."

"Yell, look here, major," cried Jack with a look of triumph; "if oi give ye a welcome from the governor an' the ould lady, will ye come?"

"Faith," said the major, with a doubtful smile, "I will!"

"Roight!" shrieked the young gentleman, and threw a pair of skates into the major's dogcart. He was in after them at a bound. "Droive to the Black Root pool, Gay," he said. The major shook the reins and away they went.

"What is it, at all?" asked the major.

"Pull up at Murphy's shebeen," said Jack, and returned no other answer. But there was a world of hidden meaning in the wink with which the order was accompanied.

The shebeen arrived at, Jack leaped down, and swaggered in with a "Save all here!"

"It's yow for breakin' the boys' hearts, Mrs. Murphy," said Jack. "Me own is sore with you."

The plump and pretty Mrs. Murphy laughed. "Sixteen takes foin leps these toimes," says she in allusion to Jack's age.

Jack beckoned her on one side, and spoke to her for a moment in a serious whisper.

"Shamus," said she, with a twinkle in her eye, "be fetchin' the clothes-line."

Shamus, like a well-trained husband, obeyed. "Ye won't tell," said Jack.

"Not a synnible, be thim five crasses," said Mrs. Murphy.

Jack, handing up a bottle of whisky and a clothes line to the major, reascended into the dog-cart, nodded in friendly fashion to Shamus and his wife, and requested his companion to drive on. The mystified major obeyed. In the course of a mile's drive they came upon the Black Root Pool, and Jack began to screw on his skates.

"The ice is not safe here," said the major.

"Maybe I know that," Jack replied.

"Don't be fooling with me, Jack," said poor Geoghagan, who was scarcely ever known to be angry with anybody.

"The crookedest road is sometimes the straightest," responded Jack sententiously. By this time his skates were firmly bound. "She'll stand, won't she?" said Jack, with a sideways nod at the mare.

"Like a stone," said the major.

"Then," said Jack, taking off his overcoat and clumsily descending from the dog-cart, "follow me, an' fetch the clothes-line with you."

The first faint idea of Jack's plot dawned upon the major's mind.

"You'll be catching cold," he said.

"The overcoat will be dry," said Jack; "an' there's whisky in the bottle, an' it's only half a mile home."

"That's true, too," said the major, descending with alacrity.

Master Jack, having secured one end of the clothes-line about his chest, gave the other into the major's hands and went upon the ice. It cracked beneath him, and before he had gone twenty yards it gave way with a crash and a splash. The major halted, and Jack came in splashing the thin ice before him, and puffing and blowing like a grampus. He seized his rescuer's hands, and scrambled to the bank.

"In ye go!" he shouted. "Don't keep me here to catch me death."

"What?" cried the major.

"Now, how do ye think ye could save me loife from drownin without a wet thread on ye?" inquired the youngster.

The major grasped the situation, but stood awhile regarding Jack ruefully.

"In ye go!" the young gentleman cried again.

"Begorra," said the major, slowly stripping off his coat and standing in his shirt sleeves, "there's nothing else for it."

And with that, once more taking up the end of the rope, he jumped in, and emerged breathless. Jack was already in the dog-cart. Luckily for the harmless fulfilment of this truly Irish enterprise, heavy outer garments were the fashion. Each buttoned himself to the chin, and each took a great gulp of whisky. Then the major, with a sense of humor to keep him warm, touched up the mare, and away they rattled.

"What's to become of the clothes-line?" asked the major.

"Shamus is to come down to the pool and bring it home with him," said Jack, with his teeth chattering.

"Jack," said the major affectionately. "I've an English note for five pounds on me somewhere, and yours, my boy, for this day's work."

"Me teeth are like castanets," Jack responded. "Drive on for the love of heaven! But I'm game to take the paper, major, an' I think I deserve it."

"I think ye do," replied the major.

"What a rare avis is a really modest man!" thought the young lady; and when she had thought it long enough she said it aloud.

"Miss Blake," said the major, in a half-whisper, "I cannot endure that you should think of me above my deserts, and especially when I have done a thing of which I am more than half ashamed. I cannot endure that you should think I have done anything or praiseworthy." Vivian looked at him inquiringly. I think she fancied that the major's dip had given him a little touch of fever, and that he was wandering. That inquiring glance did the business. The major's eyes met Vivian's and he knew his hour had come. A child's hand can launch a ship, but a woman's eyes can do even more marvelous things. That look from Vivian launched the major; nothing could hold him back. "There is wun beneath this roof," he said, "who is dearer to me than life. I was barred by cruel fate from her presence; circumstances over which I had no control shut me out from her society. I am going abroad—" The major had only formed this resolve upon the instant. "But I am content to have looked upon her before I go; and, believe me, I shall carry her image to me grave; but me conscience and me honor will not permit me to go without explaining the subterfuge by which I came here. The rescue was a mere device—"

And in broken accents he told the story of Jack's ruse.

Vivian had turned away her head whilst the major told his love-sick tale; but when he reached his confession she turned away more pronouncedly, and the major saw that she trembled violently. Was it with anger or disgust?

"Farewell, Miss Blake," he murmured. "Farewell, Vivian! Forgive my baseness if you can." There came no answer but a strange gasping sob. "At least forget me if you cannot forgive me," he urged, broken by her silence. "I shall cross your path no more. Farewell."

Still she gave him no answer, but the sob was repeated. He reiterated his farewell, and crossing the room looked blindly over a portfolio of sketches, seeing nothing. Suddenly there arose a piercing shriek, and everybody in the room rushed towards Vivian. She had cast herself almost at full length upon a couch, and was shaken by a wild hysteria. A peal after peal of mad involuntary laughter broke from her lips.

"Leave the room, gentlemen!" said the bishop's wife.

The guilty major took his way with the rest. "Tears will relieve her," were the last words he heard. They fell from the lips of his hostess.

"Observe, John," said the bishop, "how your inconsiderate desire for dangerous adventure operates upon your fellow-beings. Mr. Geoghagan rescued you at the risk of his life, and the shock of the story has brought a most terrible attack of hysteria upon Miss Blake. Let this be a warning to you."

Jack shot a glance across at the major, who replied by a rueful lifting of the eyebrows. The glance meant, "did you tell?" and the lifting of the eyebrows, "I told, bad luck to me!" To the utter amazement of the bishop, the major, Phil Durgan, and the bishop's eldest and second sons, Jack had precisely such an attack as that from which Miss Blake was suffering.

"Unhappy boy!" exclaimed the bishop, tugging wildly at the bell-rope; "the excitement has been too much for him."

The major stood like one dazed. The world was hollow. There was no more hope in it or joy in it. But, for all that the force throes of unconquerable laughter were upon him. He was an Irishman after all, and the situation had an element of comedy. The bishop and the bishop's eldest and second sons, and Phil Durgan began to think the world gone mad, when, with one helpless yell, the major flung himself into an arm chair, and laughed until he fell out of it.

"Ha! ha! ha!" came faintly from the drawing-room through closed doors.

"Ha! ha! ha!" screamed Jack, as he writhed upon the floor.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the major, in a voice which startled a passing waggoner upon the high-road, fifty yards away.

It is a fact worth chronicling that the bishop and his sons and Phil Durgan are a little more puzzled at this time than they were at the moment when the amazing scene just described was before their eyes. They are all persuaded now that there was something at the bottom of it.

Vivian kept the secret loyally. Of course Julia knew it, but she kept it. Shamus Murphy and his wife knew it, and did not keep it; but between their customers and the Episcopal palace was a great gulf fixed, and the story never passed over it.

The major was doubly serious after his laughter, and begged leave to retire. The bishop accorded the permission somewhat stiffly. In the morning the major's portmanteau had arrived, and he was dressing to depart, when Jack entered his room.

"Ye're not going, major?" said the youngster, brimming with impudent delight.

"Yes," said the major sadly; "the ruse was a failure."

"Was it?" demanded Jack holding up a letter. The major dashed at it, tore it open, and read:

"Miss Blake presents her sincerest apologies to Mr. Geoghagan for her conduct of last evening. Will he afford her an opportunity of making her apologies personally?"

Only last month Mrs. Geoghagan, of Ballykillowry Castle, being in the act of comforting a young lady whose love affairs were a little involved, made this remarkable statement:

"I've no patience with the people that let their lovers run away from them in novels, when a sensible word would set the matter right at once. And I don't mind telling you, Lucy, my dear, that I met Theophilus half way."

I remember that the major's Christian name was Theophilus, and putting this fact with the rest, I think we may conclude that the major married Miss Blake.

LEE IN TEARS.

The Closing Scenes in the Confederate Army at Appomattox.

From Capt. McDonald's Paper Read Before the Southern Historical Society.

When it was known that we had surrendered there was at first some dissatisfaction, but sympathy for Lee soon did away with all individual sense of humiliation. When Harris' Mississippi brigade of Mahone's division were informed of the surrender, and ordered to cease firing, most of the men refused to obey, declaring that they would never surrender. Mahone went and expostulated with them, but they would not listen to him. Finally Lee came and made a personal appeal. For some time even his authority was disregarded. Many of the officers gathered around him and implored him not to put upon them such disgrace. With tears they begged him to trust himself to their care, swearing that they could and would carry him through safely, and telling him that once in the mountains he could raise another army.

But Lee told them with broken accents and many tears that he could not break his word; that his honor was involved. Finally he asked them if they who had followed him so long and stood by him so faithfully were ashamed to share his fate. This appeal they could not resist, though with heart breaking sobs they yielded.

There is hardly a doubt that this brigade would have carried Lee out safely had he let them try it. Mahone called them the "Invincibles." They were often selected for quick, desperate work. I will state a single instance of their valor. At Farmville, when the federals made a determined effort to break our lines, in the midst of the battle a courier rode up and told Mahone that a part of the Stonewall division had given way and that the enemy at this point had penetrated half a mile beyond our right flank. Mahone at once sped away like an arrow down a line. In less than twenty minutes he returned with Harris' brigade, and charging the enemy in flank with the bayonet killed or captured nearly everyone.

As soon as the firing ceased many of the federals came into our lines, and began to fraternize with the men. In order to carry home some relic of the surrender, they they swapped knives or any thing they had for the old plunder of the confederates. Some of the latter, alive to the situation, having exhausted their stock in trade, went about seeking to replenish it, and hence there arose quite a brisk demand for old papers, combs, etc.

The federals seemed overjoyed at this issue, and their hearts were running over with kindly feeling. One man, a colonel, made a speech to a large crowd of confederates. He was a big hearted soldier, and, with many compliments to Lee and his men, seemed to be trying to take away the sting of defeat from the crestfallen foes. Among other things he said that the North loved the South, and that the next president of the United States would be Gen. Lee. Finally, he said "We are all a band of brothers now," and seemed to pause for a reply. A grim battle-scarred veteran responded in audible tones and with an oath: "If I had you out in the woods by myself I'd brother you."

I have only too add, in conclusion, that this retreat, which in the eyes of some reflects somewhat upon the fame of Lee, may yet go down into history as the triumphant masterpiece of his genius.

The wonder is, not that his army was captured at Appomattox, but that it was not captured long before it reached that point. To successfully conduct a beaten army after the stunning defeats at Pittsburg and Five Forks, almost as he was surrounded by overwhelming numbers for eight days, without food and with little ammunition, is a feat almost without a parallel in military annals. And when he at last resolved to cease the struggle, it was not with a corporal's guard around him, but a gallant army of 12,000 men. If he saw fit to forget his own glory and to consult only the interests of our common country, let us endeavor to appreciate his magnanimity and give him that praise which posterity will certainly accord him.

It is impossible to estimate the heroism of his army on this retreat, unless we consider the sufferings they were subject to, and above all the sufferings from hunger. I knew of no rations that were issued after the 5th, except that of parched corn. This was to Mahone's men while halting in the road under arms. They were not allowed to stop to eat it, but appeased their hunger as they marched; but irregularly, but by fours, every man in his place ready for action.

During the whole terrible retreat Mahone maintained the strictest discipline, though fighting a battle nearly every day. How the other division of Lee's army behaved in those closing days of the struggle I am not able to speak, but the conduct of Mahone's men could not be surpassed.

word. It appeared that he was a dumb man. So the next man would decide the bet. He came. He was a young man from the lumber districts of Maine and didn't look like a talkative chap. But when he got hold of the brick his jaw seemed to become loose, and the way he blasphemed even shocked a parrot, and the butcher said he would give \$75 if he could talk like that. Gallagher had won. He rose up and explained the affair. The six, headed by the young man from Maine, started for him as one man. They pulled him all over the place. They brushed the ceiling with him, used him for a football, threw him down cellar, brought him up again, tore his clothes off and made him drink water. They said they wanted to see if it would make him swear. It did.

PETE MULLINS FUNERAL.

The Impressive Ceremonies in a Frontier Town.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"It's all very well to talk about your Brooklyn funerals," said a Dakota man, as the mourners crowded up to the bar, "but you don't put the life and spirit into a plant that we do in our parts," and the western gentleman shook his head indignantly. "I watched this yere racket to-day, but I wasn't satisfied. You throwed lots o' weeds and the pa'son cut it fat, but the whole thing was tame business compared to the time when we drove Peter Mullins into the turf."

"Did you have a superior article of funeral on that occasion?" asked one of the bereaved.

"You called the turn, pardner," returned the Dakota man. "Compared with that game, your little play to day was deuce box. I was livin' in Bismarck city then, and I'm languaging when I say that your style to-day wasn't as even spot to that lay-out."

"Would you object to giving us the particulars of that sad affair?" asked one of the lamenting.

The Bismarck man cal'ed for refreshment and braced himself for the relation.

"Pete had some trouble with seven or eight soldiers, and when they'd all played their hands we laid out to lock up shop and slide him under in shape. Pete wasn't no summer coon. He wore meat and hair all the year round, and he was the first man that had turned down in the settlement, we agreed to start a bone yard and plant him for a crop. There wasn't any pa'son there them days, but Lounsberry, the postmaster, knowed a hymn, and John McLean, the mayor, was a dog fight on a speech. So we got out the engine for a hearse, and built a box for the suit and started in. We staked out a claim on the Buford road for a grave, and Tom Fortune had drilled a hole to put Pete in. Everything was in gay shape for business, and the boys was braced for a time that would be a credit to the lamented. You bet your life! Well, sir, we held the funeral in Kend hall. The corpse was stretched on the faro table, all fixed up with dandelions and cactus, and the boys sat around in rows. You can bet a blue stack it was stylish, stranger! The ills was all closed, and we had a nigger fiddler for the orchestra, and McLean had bought a white shirt to give tone to the racket.

"Lounsberry announced that the game was open, and commenced with a hymn—play about 'Dearest Pety, thou has left us, and thy loss is deeply feel'd, but no beaneater could bereave us if thou hadst have just been healed.' He said he made it up himself, but I reckon he heard it somewhere in the states. Then John McLean started in on the Declaration of Independence, and whenever he throwed up his hand the boys howled 'Amen! You can smile, stranger, but I'm remarking that you don't often light into a high-toned spread than the send-off we gave Pete. When Jack got through with the declaration we hiquored up, and Jim Emmons took hold. He'd found an act of the Illinois legislature somewhere, and he read so that you could hear the stove rattle. Then Lounsberry sang 'Marching Through Georgia,' and by that time we were all feeling pretty good. You never seen a better shake up in all your life. Jack Richards was keeping cases, and he proposed three cheers for the stiff; and you double your gamble he got 'em. We was just warming up to the work when George Peoples shied his hat and made the dog-gonest best oration that was played in that kind of a game. George is a humorous cuss, and he got off the best conundrums you ever listened to. Fun! Well, now, pardner, you may blush!

"Well, sir, after that part of the exercises was over we hammered the lid down on Pete and histed him up on the engine. Me and Richards steadied him, and the gang laid hold of the rope. General Peoples was foreman, and the nigger fiddler straddled the coffin, playing 'We Won't Go Home till Mornin'g.' We stopped twice on the way to brace, and we made the last mile in something like five minutes. Talk about year steam machines! That was the best fire engine company in eight territories.

"When we got to the grave we found that Tom had built a hole seven feet deep, and just the size of the box. He had to put him standing up, but that did not hurt him any. Lounsberry started up 'Good-by, Sweet-heart,' and McLean read a poem about a boy on a ship, who wouldn't go home for fear his dad would warm him. Jim Emmons started on a prayer, and then things grew lively. We didn't want no airs over the funeral, and we told him that he could lay no political pipe that way. But he allowed he'd cash that prayer in, or there'd be a row. That settled it." And the Dakota man paused.

"How did you come out?" asked one of the listeners.

"I was dragged out," replied the Dakota man, simply. "Leastwise, I was found some distance off when they looked for me. I didn't see the turn called, and didn't know nothing about the next deal. I didn't get out for a month."

"Is that the kind of funeral you have in Bismarck?" asked a mourner.

"The same, stranger. Many a one comes then; but I'll never forget Pete. The coyotes are singing about his grave now, and in the summer the little boys shoot jack rabbits near his plant. We put in a few asparagus to make a shade for him; but I'll tell you, gentlemen, the blizzards never howled over a squarer boy than Pete, and no man was ever put to root in better shape than we laid out for that lad. Let's beer; I'm hoarse."

And they liquidated, the mourners wondering, perhaps, at the "spirited" style of a frontier funeral, but recognizing at the same time that the Dakota man had spoken his last lines with an obvious humidity of utterance.

Isabel managed to get through with the ceremony very creditably indeed. She had succeeded in looking queenly and elegant, and Mr. Van Verst had shown all his pride in his handsome eyes when he looked at her.

She had not trembled nor appeared in the least nervous, but, as her first bridesmaid said, behaved as though she were in the habit of getting married every day.

After the ceremony, she had gone through the tedious reception, and stood, yet serious—grave, yet pleasant—while her dear five hundred friends kissed her, and took her hand, and congratulated her—her feminine friends who, in their secret souls, were envious of her good luck in having "secured" the handsome, stately man beside her, who filled his position and did the honors as a prince of the blood royal might have done—whose name was a power in social, financial and political circles, who had condescended from his high estate to woo lovely Isabel Lisle.

And now they were "married and a." Ceremony, reception and breakfast were over, and well over, and Mrs. Van Verst had retired to her dressing-room to change her toilet of white satin and lace, pearls and diamonds, and white roses, for the charming traveling costume of ecru silk and Persian embroidered garnet cashmere.

Just a little to the surprise of the vivacious girls who were supposed to be indispensable on the momentous occasion, Isabel told them she really very much preferred attending upon herself; and, as Isabel usually had her own way, Mabel and Maud left her, with a loving, saucy little protest.

And she laughed, and turned them out, and then—

Regardless of the magnificence of her trailing bridal robes, unmerciful of the rare and costly white roses she crushed so ruthlessly, this bride of an hour, when she had locked her door and dashed down the curtains, flung herself on her knees beside the lounge, in a perfect ecstasy of grief—knelt there, shivering and praying.

She could not cry; it seemed as if all her tears had "forever left her eyes to curdle around her heart." She did not even make the slightest sound, but, oh! the awful, unspeakable, pent-up agony she suffered, until she wondered she did not die then and there—until she prayed God to let her die as she was, or else remove the burden.

And the why and wherefore was, that since the night and hour eighteen months before, when she and Theo. Edmerton had parted in proud, indignant coldness—they two who had worshiped each other as even fond lovers not often worship—Isabel Lisle had never spent one happy moment. Not once had she heard of him or from him. He had disappeared as thoroughly from society as though he were dead, and so how could she have known that in his pique, "and stubbornness, and unyielding pride, he had put the ocean, foreign countries, deserts, between them!"

All she knew was, he made no sign; all she realized was, he had gone so far in his displeasure as to give her no opportunity in her penitent relenting, to be reconciled. And now, this fair, bright day she was Horace Van Verst's wife.

Some one rapped softly on the door, bringing Isabel to her senses. Had it been a minute or an hour since she knelt there, shivering, writhing with longing pain and utter abandonment of despair.

Maud St. Willis' cheerful voice called out:

"A belated wedding present, Belle,—a check for \$1,000 for a government bond, I dare say, seeing it is contained in an envelope. Can't I come in?"

"Not quite yet, dear. I'll take the parcel, please."

She unlocked the door and received it; then with the first sob of pain that had passed her lips yet, she sank faint and weak upon the nearest chair, as she recognized Theo. Edmerton's handwriting.

She did not once open it; she could not, for the cold trembling of her hands. She sat there, her heart seeming to stop its beating, until a girlish voice, as somebody passed the door, speaking about the time of trains, roused her again into a sort of desperate defiance to herself.

And then she tore open the envelope and read this:

"Without any doubt you will be surprised to receive my most elaborate congratulations on the auspicious event that has given to your husband the sincere, undivided love of your heart, and bestows upon yourself the title that means, in your case, that your affections are so surely, so sincerely placed upon a gentleman so worthy—"

Then the vein of ice-bound sarcasm suddenly ceased—even the correct, elegant handwriting changed into a hurried, half illegible scrawl.

"Isabel, what have you done? My God! what have you done? Could you not have waited a little while? You have ruined my hopes, my happiness, my faith and trust in woman. You have killed me—killed me! May God forgive you, and, if ever I prayed, I pray now that I may forget I ever loved—yes, that I love you more madly than ever."

Such a letter—such despair, and such hopeless bitterness, such anguish of misery, such pain of anger—and Mrs. Van Verst crushed it in her hand till the paper was a mass of broken fragments.

"I will forget him—I will not go to my husband with such thoughts in my heart! My God, I will be true—I must be true! Oh, make me—make me true to him, and don't let me swerve. Heaven help me!"

And with hands clasped and lovely eyes uplifted, she stood one moment, until a loving Father laid His blessing of endurance and patience, and earnest resolution and consciousness of His own strength and presence, upon her heart, that was sick unto despair.

Half an hour later she looked up into her husband's face, as they sat alone in the coach that was conveying them to the depot—such a good, grand face, that accompanied the character, no woman could come in contact with, and fail to thoroughly reverse and admire. And a sudden little thrill of humble content warmed in her eyes and quivered into a peaceful smile, as she laid her hand on his.

"I mean to be such a good wife, Horace," she said, gently.

"My darling, I know it," he answered her. "And I am most blessed of any man on God's earth to-day."

So their wedded life began.

Two years afterward, and half a city in mourning, because of the pitiless scourge that the hot midsummer days had swept relentlessly down upon it. And in a nearly deserted hotel, where fashion, and beauty and wealth had fled before the grim oncom-

ing of the pestilence, two people lying dead—youth, handsome even in death, with refinement and nobility on their marble faces.

And the death-roll, that morning, telegraphed to happier northern cities, contained those names: "Mr. Horace Van Verst, and his wife, Mrs. Isabel Lisle Van Verst," while, in an adjoining room, rosy, healthy, joyous and unconscious of her awful loss, their baby girl, a year old, watched over by one careful nurse, while another, gray-haired and tearful, was hurriedly making preparations to leave the accursed fever-stricken city.

Theo. Edmerton had taken up his position at the foot of the grand stair case, and was rather enjoying looking on at the gay crowd that was fast filling Mrs. Willard's parlors, and especially looking as was not the first, or the second, or the twentieth time he had looked just so eagerly, at lovely Vivian Gwyneth.

Of late, Edmerton had been passing through a strange experience, and fair-haired Vivian was very intimately connected with it—so intimately that, during the past few weeks, Edmerton had come to know that that had happened to him he had thought never could happen to him again, after the desolate, waste time in his life, when Isabel Lisle had married another.

He had thought never to renew his faith and trust in woman. He had had no hope nor wish that the wreck that he had believed himself in love and passion should be made anew. And then right into all the debris of his affections, Vivian Gwyneth had come with sympathy and healing.

Until, standing and watching her to-night, the fairest brightest star in Mrs. Willard's brilliant assemblage, Theo. Edmerton knew he loved her.

Until he was wondering what the remnant of his heretofore unblest life would be worth to him if, when he asked lovely Vivian for her love, she should withhold it.

For he had made up his mind slowly, during the past few weeks, that he was warranted in asking her.

He was almost sure she cared for him, and yet, if it should so happen that she did not!

An hour afterward he stood before Vivian Gwyneth, alone with her, in the fragrant, half-dim fernery, with his handsome face pale with tenderness, as he told her how he loved her, and asked for her sweet self in return.

And Vivian?

I think it was the sweetest way a woman ever gave herself to her lover, that which she did, in her own perfect way, so proud, so tender, so charmingly shy:

"Before I answer you," she said, lifting her glorious eyes to his in a swift radiant, little glance—"before I answer you, let me show you—this—the picture of him I have loved all my life. Even as a baby I began to worship it. It is my ideal—I have worn it night and day. Could you care to have me tell you what you wish, knowing what I have told you?"

A grasping sort of vague fear crept chilly over him in that one instant when she laid a diamond-encrusted gold locket in his hand. And then he opened it to look into his own eyes—the picture he had given Isabel Lisle nineteen years before.

She smiled in his astonished face.

"You don't know—no one knows but my dear adopted parents—that I am Isabel Lisle's child; but I knew you Theo, the first time I saw you, and I should still have known you from her letters, and diary I have kept. Are you sorry I am mamma's daughter?"

Was it possible—was it possible? Isabel's child!

Then all the passion came radiantly back to his pale face and astonished eyes, as he held out his arms caressingly.

"I think your mother has given you to me little one. I loved her, but not as I loved you, oh, my little one! Vivian will you give yourself to me?"

And she stepped inside the outstretched arms, and laid her bright head on his breast, and made him realize that it was for his highest human happiness that fate had seemed so apparently cruel in all those past dreary years, which now, in one little moment, were blotted out forever.

SENATOR JIM FAIR, OF NEVADA.

All Four of the Big Bonanza People Irishmen.

From the Hour.

It is a curious circumstance that all four of the Bonanza people are Irishmen by birth—three Roman Catholics, while Fair is so much of a Protestant as to be called an Orangeman. It is remarkable, by the way, how many of the mine-owners and mine superintendents are Irishmen. In more than two-thirds of the mines on the Pacific coast the superintendent of his first assistant hails from the land of O'Connell and Parnell, and they are generally faithful if not ultra pious Roman Catholics. The wholesale houses on the Pacific coast are in the hands of the Jews. Americans are the politicians, the lawyers, the railroad men and the speculators. Although the best known millionaires are Americans, it is nevertheless true that more than half of the wealth of the Pacific coast is in the hands of Irish Roman Catholics and Jews. The Irish spends their money freely and do not make good speculators, but they more than make up for it by their aptitude for mining. "James G. Fair was born at Clougher, Tyrone county, Ireland, in December, 1831. He came to this country in 1843, attended school at Geneva, Ill., where some of his family still live. He was an original 49er. In that year he was at work on Long Bar, Feather river, Cal. He did not find it profitable, so he turned his attention to quartz mining. His first assay was at Angels, Calaveras county. He soon ranked high as a good judge of mines and as an operator. In 1855 he became superintendent of the Ophir mine, and in 1857 the Hale and Norcross mine came under his direction. It was the latter which gave Fair his start in the world. Soon after he made a lucky guess. He surmised that certain ground might contain a great deal of rich ore. With the help of Flood he secured the claim, since grown so famous throughout the world as the Consolidated Virginia and California mines. Senator Fair owns seventy acres of land in San Francisco and is the owner of a residence in Menlo Park, which is said to cost \$1,000,000. He is supposed to be worth \$25,000,000. He has a wife and four children. Living so much under ground in an unnatural atmosphere, he has been troubled with rheumatism and throat disease, and once took a trip to Japan for his health. Fair is not so rich as either Mackay or

Flood, for his possessions represent actual money taken from the mines rather than profit made on the stock exchange. Senator Fair is a democrat in politics, but he is on the pleasantest personal terms with his associates, Senator Jones, who is a republican.

ISABELLA AND PEDRO.

An Old-Fashioned Romance Run to Seed. From the San Francisco Argonaut.

The last gleam of day was silvering the waters of the Guadalquivir, at the mouth of which stands the ancient city of Valencia, as the congregation was slowly departing from the cathedral of Saint Cecilia. Among the last of the worshippers was a young female closely shrouded in a mantilla. In her hand she carried a fan of the most exquisite workmanship; behind her hobbled an old duenna, who with difficulty kept pace with the tripping feet of Donna Isabella, for such was the name of the maiden. Close by her side walked a young and noble cavalier, whose deep, dark eye was riveted upon her, while ever and anon glances of recognition were exchanged between them, till at length the suspicion of the old lady was aroused, who, seizing the arm of her young charge, quitted her not until they reached a mansion in the neighborhood of the ever verdant Glorieta.

Just as Donna Isabella was ascending the steps leading to her mansion, she dropped her fan, as if by accident. The opportunity was at once seized by the young cavalier, who, lifting it, unseen by the duenna, slipped within its folds a billet and, kneeling, presented it to the blushing damsel.

"You will not fail to meet me as the note says," he whispered beseechingly. "You understand?"

"I tumble," was the maid's reply. That night when the bell of Miquilet tolled the midnight hour, Isabella stood in her balcony, which overhung the garden. A slight movement was soon heard among the orange foliage, and a tall figure shrouded in a flowing mantle, advanced and stood beneath the balcony.

"Are you ready?" asked the mask.

"O. K!" answered the maiden, in a breath scarcely audible from terror.

The next moment she was in the arms of her lover.

"Now then for the chapel of the nearest Justice of the Peace. Ere the sunlight falls upon the Alhambra saloon you will be mine."

"That morn you will never see," cried a man who advanced from an umbrageous shrubbery close by, and struck Pedro a powerful blow under the left ear.

The unfortunate man sank senseless into the arms of his assailant, who bore him swiftly away.

The next morning Donna Isabella was buried in grief and a percale wrapper. Caresless, and with tear-stained cheeks she sought her mother. "They have taken my Pedro," she exclaimed, despairingly, "Who could have done it?"

"It must have been the ten-spot or Jack," responded the mother. "Nothing less could take it."

In one corner of the Valencia cemetery may be seen a grave kept beautiful by flowers which loving hands have strewn upon it. It is the grave of Donna Isabella. She died at the age of 74, having raised seven children. This is not romantic, but you can bet on its being a centre-shot on the truth.

POISONOUS DRINKS.

What They Give Us as Flavors—Rancid Fat and Tallow Oil as the Basis of Pineapple, Strawberry, Raspberry, Apricot, Etc.

"There is mighty little genuine fruit extracts in the syrups and flavors of commerce," said the chemist of a manufacturing house to a reporter on the New York Sun. "Natural flavors are both weak and costly. For instance, if you sugar down pineapples or strawberries you get a delightful natural syrup, but your white sugar alone will cost you 8 cents a gallon, and the fruit is expensive, as you know. The flavor is just at its proper strength and will not go a great ways in flavoring additions to the syrup; and so only a small portion of the fruit syrups and essences of commerce have any fruit about them. Smell this."

He unstopped a vial of thin, transparent liquid. It diffused a strong pineapple odor of irritating pungency.

"That," he said, "is butyric ether. Mixed with alcohol, it is the pineapple oil of commerce, and it enters into nearly every flavor manufactured and into most perfumes. It is extracted from rancid fat. The tallow oil which is the basis of artificial butter will furnish it. Another prominent ingredient of artificial flavors is amyle, which you will know better by the name of fusel oil. Some one of its compounds go into the manufacture of the flavors of pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, apricot, pear, orange, and apple. Compounds of methyl, an extract of coal tar, are also much used. Succinic acid, obtained from amber; sebacic acid, extracted from fat; and benzoic acid, originally extracted from a vegetable resin, but now made from naphthalene, a coal oil product, are also much used in various shapes. Formic acid, another ingredient, was originally obtained from ants, and hence its name is derived from the Latin word for ant, formica. But it is now manufactured artificially. Chloroform goes into some flavors, notably grape essence, and oxalic acid goes into the bloom of gooseberry, apricot, lemon and apple. Tartaric acid is also largely used. Most of these substances are used in the form of ethers, and their strength of odor is due to their exceeding volatility.

"Are not such compounds injurious?"

"Not when used simply for flavoring purposes," was the answer. "The reason why they may be used to imitate natural flavors with such success is doubtless due to the fact that the flavors of the natural fruits are due to their presence. Butyric acid is naturally present in the pineapple, tartaric acid in wine, citric acid in lemons, and oxalic acid in gooseberries. While artificial flavors of essences would be poisonous, taken in large quantities, it does not follow that their use as flavors is injurious any more than that almonds should not be eaten because their concentrated extract is poisonous. As a matter of fact, soda water flavors and candy flavors are almost invariably artificial; and the bouquet and flavor of many a bottle of wine is due to the various amyle or fusel oil ethers."

In some portions of France, where the sugar beet is extensively grown, the value of land suitable for its culture is about \$300 per acre.

THE LADIES' STRIKE.

By George Armstrong.

"I hired myself to you, ma'am, to do your chamber-work, ma'am, and not the waitin'." "Tisn't my place to 'tend the doors, ma'am, and answer bells, ma'am; and its the last time I'll do it, ma'am."

"The new gir-r-l, ma'am!"

Bridget flounced out, and I raised myself wearily on the sofa, where I had sunk down utterly exhausted, both in mind and body, to receive the "new gir-r-l."

My sister Annie had fished up this treasure from the street intelligence office, where they had bestowed upon her the highest recommendations; but her appearance was, to say the least, unpromising.

Squint eyes, a pug nose, and freckles innumerable, are not beautiful, but they are endurable; but add to these a greasy and torn flounced frock, an atrociously dirty, beribboned, befringed and generally bebizened hat and a cotton-velvet mantilla, and you need not wonder that I, who am a true woman, and judge much from appearances, felt my heart sink within me.

Somewhat to my surprise, my interesting visitor opened the conversation.

"Have you been long without a girl, ma'am?"

"A few days."

"'Spose there'll be considerable to clean up, then?"

I sat actually dumb with astonishment.

"Have you a carpet on your kitchen?"

"No; oil cloth."

"Hum! How many in your family, ma'am?"

"Five."

"Well, I'll wait on the table and the door; but I sha'n't wash no dishes—that the cook's place—nor wash up halls and sweep doorsteps; you must get a waiterman for that. And I don't want to be called on to run no errands, nor black no boots, nor help round the house. My wages is eight dollars the month, ma'am; and I want Saturday for a visitin' night, and Wednesday for a company night, and every other Sunday for goin' out, ma'am."

"Indeed," I said, roused at last into something like life, "I'm afraid I should not be able to suit you; you are too particular."

"Sure, ma'am," said the "gir-r-l," "and if it's my character you mean, I have got the best of recommendations, and I have lived in the best families in Ameriky, ma'am—where they keep a gard'ner, and coachman, and two menwaiters, and five girls, ma'am, and never looked or axed were things went to, ma'am."

"That will do," I interrupted. "You may go; you won't suit me; and I'm sure I could never suit you."

I sank back on the sofa and resumed my reading; and the cotton-velvet mantilla and beribboned bonnet took itself off.

I could have cried with vexation. Three days without a cook or waiter, and Frederick Alphonso grumbling about burnt beef-steak and muddy coffee, and Bridget in the last stage of sulky insubordination.

The book I held in my hand was a love tale, ending, of course, in marriage, and wisely, I thought, for if girls could but dream of the ranges that wouldn't burn, and the bread that wouldn't rise, and the servants that wouldn't do, "what it wasn't their place to do," and the husbands that wouldn't be satisfied, they would think twice before they fell in love with a well-oiled mustache and a neat necktie, and promised to love, honor and obey it without knowing how to make pies and roast the meat that was to keep it in good humor.

Bridget again, more beligerent than ever. "Mrs. Fairclough, ma'am!"

Mrs. Fairclough was a mild, faded-looking woman. We were schoolmates together, and I remember her, fair, fat and looming as a rose. She was a wild, saucy girl, but she is subdued enough now.

"Can you tell me where I can find a cook?" was her salutation. "We have been obliged to discharge Mary. She drank to that extent that we were never quite sure whether we should get our dinner or find her lying in the sink or across the tubs. The way the butter and sugar went was dreadful, too. John says we have used enough this month to support three moderate sized families, and that she must know something about it. And now she's hanging about the premises and tells every girl that comes such frightful stories that they don't even come into the house, and John's raving, and says I don't know how to manage, and—oh, dear! I wish he'd try it for a week."

"Strange," I said. "Here's Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Harris and a score of others all in the same condition. Look here, Anna, suppose we 'strike'."

"Strike who?" asked Mrs. Fairclough, in amazement.

"Strike, my dear, as those people do who work in the factories and on railroads. Let us all unite and refuse to keep help any longer."

"But who would do our work?" she asked a little doubtfully.

"Why, we will work ourselves—do us good. Let's get up a grand society," I pursued, warming with the subject, "for the amelioration of the condition of ladies. We'll send out missionaries to convert those of our sisters who refuse to join. We'll tell them it's fashionable. We'll coax influential friends into receiving a letter from foreign correspondents in which he shall say that Victoria sweeps her own room and makes the bed every morning, while the ladies in waiting wash the dishes, and that we are going back to the beautiful simplicity of the olden age. They will advocate it, of course, because it's odd."

"Yes, but—"

"No but, or ifs, or ands, Annie Fairclough, or I will leave you to the mercy of your servants forever. Let's go and call upon Mrs. Harris—she's one of the leaders of the ton. If she will join the thing will succeed."

We found Mrs. Harris in a state of Bridgetphobia. She received my project with enthusiasm, and readily joined in our crusade against the intelligence offices. In a week the reform had become the theme of universal discussion. Letters appeared in the daily journals, stating that Victoria occupied her mornings with scrubbing and baking, and Eugenie with dish-washing and plain sewing. Ladies began to send off their kitchen tyrants. It became quite the fashion for young ladies to receive their lovers with ever so little flour on their dresses instead of their faces, where it was formerly worn, or a feather on their aprons, just by way of hinting at pie and bed-making.

Advertisements like the following became

so common as to excite neither surprise nor comment:

"Just received—5,000 new check aprons, made in the style worn by Eugenie herself. A lot of new-stuffed gowns to be sold cheap. Also, 1 the new crinoline-skirt, which is known as the 'Every-lady-her own servant' skirt."

Of course all the husbands were delighted. It saved money, in the first place; it saved the mighty monologue, so long dreaded and endured, commencing with: "I never did have such a trial as that girl is. Don't you believe," etc., etc.

It drove the doctors distracted in the third place. Their reception rooms were deserted—their horses grew fat for lack of driving, and they grew thin. They consulted with the keepers of the intelligence offices and posted up huge placards, headed, Death, ruin—utter destruction of the female health—the new system of house-keeping decided by the Medical Board to be unhealthy and pernicious beyond measure.

Bridget, at first, wearied herself with laughing.

"If the ladies could do without her, sure she could do without the ladies." But it presently grew to be no laughing matter.

Hundreds of woman were thrown out of employment.

Seamstresses of all sorts found their receipts diminishing, for ladies had no time to dress now. The silk manufacturers were in despair, and the general distress was so great that a law was passed prohibiting all further immigration, at which the continent grew indignant, and threatened a war.

My own household assumed a vastly different aspect. My kitchen utensils shone like silver; for had I not always said: "If I were a Nora, I should find it as easy to keep things clean as dirty?" To be sure, I began to suspect strongly that it was not after all, of such vital importance as I imagine; but what should we have gained by our reform, if we could not do better than our servants had?

My bread was rather rocky at first, and my piecrust tough, but Frederick Alphonso dared the dyspepsia, and ate it just by way of encouraging me. On the same principle, he wore, without a murmur, shirts dubious in color and peculiar as to ironing, till at last I arrived at what might be called perfection in the various housekeeping and culinary mysteries.

My husband praised me, friends applauded and imitated, and the journals were loud in my favor, which I, horrible to tell, began to have a secret misgiving as to the excellence of my new system. Somehow I often found myself sympathizing with the servants of late. From morning till night, drudge, drudge, drudge. I began to wonder if the influences of the kitchen were altogether ennobling.

If I were growing fat and red like Bridget, was I not also becoming dull, stupid and cross?

It was vastly easier to get up from the sofa, dabble into the kitchen, and find fault; but didn't I catch myself once in a while hiding away a dirty plate, or concealing a kettle not as bright as the rest?

I had grown very saving of steps also. It had been so easy to ring for Bridget; it was so hard now to run up and down stairs fifty times a day.

My heart grew quite melted towards Bridget, whom I saw, pale and wan, occasionally hovering around and looking wistfully into our well-warmed basement and I think I should have taken her back had it not been for consistency.

How could I, the president of the grand "Society for Ameliorating the Condition of Suffering Ladies," take back one of those unprincipled, everbearing, uncleanly, lazy, good-for-nothing girls—how?

"If you please, ma'am, dinner's ready."

I started up; there was Bridget, blacker than ever. I had been dreaming. The emancipation of women was yet in the bosom of the future. Bridget yet reigned and I had not either cook or waiter.

Rather discouraging, but I had not dreamed for naught. From that day I began to act on the principle that there were two sides to every question; and that if servants were dull, insolent and disobliging, ladies were also exacting and inconsiderate.

It is so easy to issue a command; sometimes so difficult to obey it; so easy to grumble about our servants; so much more troublesome to reason with and instruct them; so easy to dismiss them in a passion; so difficult to forbear.

If Bridget is ugly and coarse, it is that we may be fair and handsome. If we give money, she gives labor. If we need patience so does she, all which means:

Ladies, use a little of the time that you spend in grumbling at Bridget in trying to improve her. If you don't believe it can be done, just call a my residence. No. 3,000—avenue, and I will convince you.

Italians and Peanuts.

Interview with an American peanut seller.

An Italian would live for a day and a half on what it costs me to get a dinner. Italians alone are fit for the peanut business. They scoop in everything that is to be got out of it. They are in every hole and corner where a peanut can be sold. Next month they will send every woman, boy and girl of their families on all the excursion boats to sell the nuts. They will hawk them to excursions and stores, offices and factories—everywhere throughout the city and suburbs. Respectable merchants, like myself, you know, wait for customers to patronize us, but these Italians are itinerant vagabonds who would sell even right at my corner here if they were not afraid that I'd break their bones for so doing.

They starve themselves to make money; is that so?

That's so; I have heard on indisputable authority that some of these fellows have saved as much as \$10,000 and \$12,000 from years of patient husbanding of the nickles and half-starving themselves. It is not an uncommon thing for an Italian peanut vender to be worth \$1,000 before he is able to say little more in English than "five cents" and "ten cents." Let us do them the justice to say that they send to their friends and relatives in Italy a round sum of mofly every year.

The peanut, in your theory, seems to supplant the "hurdy-gurdy."

The organ has become rather unpopular. Peanuts have become cheap for a few years past, and it is easy to lay in a stock. As a result, in every large and small city of this country, every town, village and hamlet, even away out to the borders of civilization in far off mining districts you will find the Italians in swarms or in doubles selling the peanut ware. They have a monopoly of the trade. Let them have it, I say. There ain't millions in it.

